THE BEAUTIES OF *SHAKESPEAR:*

REGULARLY SELECTED FROM EACH PLAY.

WITH A GENERAL INDEX,

DIGESTING THEM UNDER PROPER HEADS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND SIMILAR PASSAGES, FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

BY WILLIAM DODD, L.L.D.

LATE OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. See *Mid. Night's Dr.* vol. I. p. 232.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE THIRD EDITION WITH LARGE ADDITIONS,

AND THE

AUTHOR'S LAST CORRECTIONS.

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THE

BEAUTIES

OF

SHAKESPEAR.

X.

The Taming of the Shrew.

INDUCTION.

SCENE II. *Hounds.*

THY hounds (1) ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

(1) See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act 4. Sc. 2. In the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, Act 2. Sc. 2. *Palamon* ſays,

To our *Theban* hounds,
That ſhook the aged foreſt with their echoes,
No more now muſt we hollow, no more ſhake

Painting.

Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait,
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of phrenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Uſes of Travel and Study.

Luc. *Tranio*, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good-will, and thy good company,
My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the *Bentivoli*;

Vincentio,

Our pointed javelins, whilſt the angry ſwine
Flies like a *Parthian* quiver, from our rages,
Struck with our well-ſteel'd darts.

Vincentio his ſon, (2) brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let 's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotle's* checks, (3)
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetoric in your common talk:
Muſic, and poeſy, uſe to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Money

(2) *Vincentio his ſon.*] Means the ſon of *Vincentio*, or as we ſhould ſay, *Vincentio's* ſon. This mode of expreſſion is common with the old writers. See *Love's Labour loſt*,

His teeth as white as whale HIS bone.

(3) *Ariſtotle's checks.*] i. e. The harſh rules of *Ariſtotle*. *St.*

Money an Inducement to marry with the vileſt.

Gre. Think'ſt thou, (4) *Hortenſio*, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be marry'd to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*, though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Love (5) *at firſt Sight.*

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it poſſible,
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. O, *Tranio*, (6) till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;

But

(4) *Think'ſt thou*, &c.] So a little after *Grumio* ſays, "Nay look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why give him gold enough and marry him to an *aglet-baby*, or an old trot with never a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes, as two-and-fifty horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal." And *Petruchio*, immediately after, on *Hortenſio's* remonſtrance, ſays, ——"Peace, thou know'ſt not *gold's effect*." (See *Much ado about Nothing*.) This is a truth too frequently and unhappily verified in the matrimonial world.

(5) *Love*, &c.] Love conceived at firſt ſight is the ſubject of moſt romances; and the philoſophy of theſe northern climes looks for it only there: but if we conſult the volume of nature more at large, we ſhall find that ſuch extempore paſſions are not infrequent in the more ſouthern regions of the world: and the clear and warm air of *Italy* communicates a briſker motion to the heart and ſpirits, than our natural phlegm can poſſibly be ſenſible of. Mrs. *G.* See the note on *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

(6) *O Tranio*, &c.] Speaking of the lady, who had thus engaged his heart, he ſays, ſoon after,

I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air.
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.

But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear
As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated (7) from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimô.

Travel.

Such wind (8) as ſcatters young men thro' the world,
To ſeek their fortunes further than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows.

Woman's

(7) *Rated.*] i. e. chid, or counſelled away. Inſtead of *touch'd* in the next line, *Warburton* reads *toyl'd*, which the next line from *Terence*, ſays he, ſhews to be the true reading. *J.* &c., deſirous to reduce poor *S's* learning as low as poſſible, aſſure us, that he had the next line from *Lilly!* which I mention, ſays *J.*, "that it might not be brought as an argument of *his learning*:" wonderful kindneſs to our noble poet! Riſum teneatis? See *Colman's* ſpirited *Appendix*, at the end of his tranſlation of *Terence*.

(8) *Such wind*, &c.] *Hortenſio* had aſked,

———What happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here from old *Verona?*

See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Woman's Tongue.

(9) Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'ns artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
That gives not half ſo great a blow to th' ear, (10)
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?

ACT II. SCENE I.

Extremes cure each other.

When two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury;
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that ſhe frown; I'll ſay ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Muſick.

Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far,
To know the cauſe why muſic was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, of his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, when I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

SCENE

(9) See *Comedy of Errors*, Act 5. Sc. 3.
(10) *Th' ear.*] *W.* commonly, *hear.*

SCENE II. *Wife married to all her Huſband's Fortunes.*

To me ſhe's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements, (11)
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.

Deſcription of a mad Wedding.

——When the prieſt
Did aſk if *Catherine* ſhould be his wife;
Ay,

(11) *Theſe poor accoutrements.*] This is the droll deſcription which *S.* gives of them—" Why, *Petruchio* is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points. His horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to none in the chine, troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of wind-galls, ſped with the ſpavins, ray'd with the yellows, paſt cure of the vives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots, ſway'd in the back, and ſhoulder ſhotten; near legg'd before, and with a half check'd bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girth ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

Bat. Who comes with him?

Ed. O, Sir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe, on the other, gartered with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey."

" Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all-amaz'd the prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
" Now take them up," quoth he, " if any liſt."

Tran. What ſaid the wench when he roſe up again?

Grem. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamped and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him;
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: " a health," quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſcadel, (12)
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd.

ACT

(12) *Quafft off the muſcadel.*] It appears from this paſſage and the following one, in the *Hiſtory of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by *Robert Armin*, 1609, that it was the cuſtom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. *Armin's* play begins thus;

Enter a maid ſtrewing flowers, and a ſerving man perfuming the door.

Maid. Strew, ſtrew.

Man. The *muſcadine* ſtays for the bride at church,
The prieſt and *Hymen's* ceremonies 'tend
To make them man and wife.

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, 1602.

And when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes.

We find it practiſed at the magnificent marriage of Queen *Mary* and *Philip*, in *Winchester* cathedral, 1554. " The trumpets

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Petruchio's *Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dreſs.*

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh,—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,(13)
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſte.
Cath. Why, Sir, I truſt, (14) I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe;

Your

trumpets ſounded, and they both returned to their traverſes in the quire, and there remayned until maſſe was done: at which tyme, wyne and ſopes were hallowed and delivered to them both." Collect. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400. Edit. 1770. See *St.* and *Warton.*

(13) *Doth fit the time.*] i. e. is faſhionable. Mrs. *G.*

(14) *Why, Sir, I truſt,* &c.] *Warburton* obſerves on this paſſage, that " *S.* has here copied nature with great ſkill;—*Petruchio* by frightning, ſtarving, and over-watching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion: and the audience expect to hear no more of the ſhrew: when on her being croſſed in the article of faſhion and finery, 'the moſt inveterate folly of the ſex,' ſhe flies out again for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature." It is but juſt to hear a lady's reply to this remark of the critic: " This," ſays Mrs. *G.* " is being ſevere on our ſex at a very cheap rate indeed: foibles, paſſions, and inconſiderable attachments, are equally common to all mankind, without diſtinction of gender: and the difference of objects gives no ſort of advantage to men,

Your betters have endured me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather, than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, taylor, let 's ſee 't.

[*Taylor lays forth the gown.*

O, mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here!
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer's (15) in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what, a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor.

over us: as all eager purſuits, except thoſe of virtue, are alike ridiculous, in the candid and impartial eſtimation of reaſon and philoſophy:

Another Florio doating on a flower." *Young.*

(15) *To a cenſer*, &c] Cenſers, in barbers ſhops are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels, which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and variety of interſtices. *J.*—who adds, the *taylors* trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been among the rugged *Engliſh*, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. Nothing can be more humorouſly pointed than the following droll deſcription of the taylors, by *Petruchio*.

O monſtrous arrogance!—thou ly'ſt, thou ſhears,
thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:——
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread,
Away,

Hor. I ſee, ſhe 's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I 'll none of it; hence make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Be like, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good *Kate*, neither art thou the worſe,
For this poor furniture and mean array.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A lovely Woman.

(16) Fair lovely woman, young and affable,
More

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!

(16) Theſe ſpeeches are found in the firſt draught of

More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth:
—Sweet *Catherine*, this lovely woman—
Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and cryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes the dawning beams,
And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town,
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

SCENE II. *Happineſs attained.*

Happily I have arriv'd at laſt,
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs.

SCENE

this play, printed in 1607; they ſeem evidently to be of *S*'s hand, and well worth preſerving; ſpeeches preferred to them, are here ſubjoined.

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face!
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.
Cath. Young budding virgin fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars,
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

An attentive reader, *Steevens* thinks, will perceive in the ſpeech in the text ſeveral words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of *S*. whence he concludes, that the firſt draught, as it is called, was not the work of *S*.

SCENE III. *Others meaſured by ourſelves.*

He that (17) is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me for his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Wife's Submiſſion.

Marry, (18) peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

The Wife's Duty to her Huſband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſt bites the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in noſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband (19) is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy

(17) *He that*, &c.] The widow explains her meaning in this general obſervation, by ſaying afterwards,

Your huſband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

(18) *Marry*, &c.] *Petruchio* ſays this on *Hortenſio's* wondering, what *Catherine's* ſubmiſſion might bode.

(19) *Thy huſband*, &c.] Leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,

Safeſt

Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by ſea and land!
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves (20) no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too

Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
Adam in *Par. Loſt*, B. 9. 263.

And a little before he ſays,

Nothing lovelier can be found,
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.

(20) *And craves*, &c.] *Statius*, ſpeaking of a good wife, in the 5th book of his *Silvæ*, ſays,

———*Mallet paupertate pudica*
Intemerata mori, vitamque impendere famæ:
Nec frons triſte rigens, nimiuſque in moribus horror,
Sed ſimplex hilariſque fides, & mixta pudori
Gratia: quid ſi, &c.
She'd rather chuſe, 'midſt poverty and ſhame,
Her life to loſe, than live in wealth and fame:
No ſullen frowns upon her forehead lour;
No froward temper and behaviour ſour
Deſtroy th' unruffled ſoftneſs of her mind:
For ever eaſy, affable and kind;
Chaſte, with good-humour, with reſerv'dneſs, free,
And ſtill more chearful in adverſity.

In the *Amphitrion* of *Plautus* (Act 2. Sc. 2.) *Alcmena* ſpeaks thus:

What the world calls a portion with a wife
I boaſt not of, as ſuch: but chaſtity
Becoming ſhame, and moderate deſires;
My fear of heav'n, my fondneſs of my parents,
My friendſhip, and regard for our relations,
The courſe of my behaviour towards yourſelf;
My bounty to the good, and my concern
To cheriſh virtue, and reward the virtuous.
Anony. See p. 30.

Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes a prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war, where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies, ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big, as one of yours;
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I ſee our lances are but ſtraws:
Our ſtrength is weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs, (21) for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your huſband's foot;

In

(21) *Then vail your ſtomachs.*] Cover your reſentments. See note on *Love's Labour loſt*, Act 5. Mrs *G.* omits theſe four laſt lines, "becauſe" ſays ſhe, "the doctrine of *paſſive obedience* and *non reſiſtance* in the ſtate of marriage, is there carried, perhaps, rather a little too far. But I will quote them," adds ſhe, "as they afford me an opportunity of remarking on the nature of too prompt reformers, who are apt to run into the very contrary extreme at once; betraying more of the *time ſerver*, than the *convert*.

But, in general, indeed, it has been obſerved, that the moſt haughty tyrants become, on a reverſe of fortune, the moſt abject ſlaves; and this, from a like principle, in both caſes; that they are apt to impute the ſame ſpirit of deſpotiſm to the conqueror, that they were before impreſt with themſelves; and conſequently, are brought to tremble at the apprehenſion of their own vice."

In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready—may it do him eaſe!

General Obſervation.

" The title of this play," ſays *St.*, " was probably taken from an old ſtory, called *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin, or the Taming of a Shrew.*"

" Nothing has yet been produced," ſays *C.*, " that is likely to have given the poet occaſion for writing this play, neither has it (in truth) the air of a novel; ſo that we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it a work of invention. That part of it, I mean, which gives it its title. For one of its underwalks, or plots, to wit, the ſtory of *Lucentio*, in almoſt all its branches (this love affair, and the artificial conduct of it; the pleaſant incident of the pedant; and the characters of *Vincentio*, *Tranio*, *Gremio*, and *Biondello*) is formed upon a comedy of *George Gaſcoigne's*, called *Suppoſes*, a tranſlation from *Arioſto's I Suppoſiti*: which comedy was acted by the gentlemen of *Gray's-Inn* in 1566; and may be ſeen in the tranſlator's works, of which there are ſeveral old editions. And the odd induction of this play is taken from *Goulart's Hiſtoires admirables de notre Temps*; who relates it as a real fact, practiſed upon a mean artiſan at *Bruſſels*, by *Philip* the Good, Duke of *Burgundy*. *Goulart* was tranſlated into *Engliſh*, by one *Edward Gremeſton*: the edition I have of it was printed in 1607, quarto, by *George Eld*, where this ſtory may be found, at p. 587. but for any thing that there appears to the contrary, the book might have been printed before." *Farmer* labours hard to prove that this comedy is not genuine. *Steevens* however obſerves, that the players delivered it down amongſt the reſt as one of *S's* own: and its intrinſic merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion, for *S's* hand is very viſible in every ſcene. " Of this play," ſays *J.*, " the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet it is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents. The part between *Catherine* and *Petruchio* is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of *Bianca*, the

arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity, than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting." See the *Tatler*, Vol. IV. No. 231.

In Act 5. latter end of Sc. 2. *Lucentio* ſays,

Counterfeit *ſuppoſes* blear'd thine eye.

For ſo, ſays an ingenious Annotator, it ſhould be read, plainly alluding to *Gaſcoigne's Suppoſes* above mentioned.

DISSERTATION

On the Præternatural Beings of SHAKESPEAR.

[*From Mrs.* Montague.]

WE ſhould do great injuſtice to the genius of *S.* if we did not attend to his peculiar felicity, in thoſe fictions and inventions, from which poetry derives its higheſt diſtinction, and from whence it firſt aſſumed its pretenſions to divine inſpiration, and appeared the aſſociate of religion.

The ancient poet was admitted into the ſynod of the Gods: he diſcourſed of their natures, he repeated their counſels, and, without the charge of impiety or preſumption, diſcloſed their diſſenſions, and publiſhed their vices. He peopled the woods with nymphs, the rivers with deities; and, that he might ſtill have ſome being within call to his aſſiſtance, he placed reſponſive echo in the vacant regions of air.

In the infant ages of the world, the credulity of ignorance greedily received every marvellous tale: but, as mankind increaſed in knowledge, and a long ſeries of traditions had eſtabliſhed a certain mythology and hiſtory, the poet was no longer permitted to range, uncontrolled, through the boundleſs dominions of fancy, but became reſtrained, in ſome meaſure, to things believed or known. Though the duty of poetry to pleaſe and to ſurpriſe ſtill ſubſiſted, the means varied with the ſtate of the world, and it ſoon grew neceſſary to make the new inventions lean on the old traditions.—The human mind delights in novelty, and is captivated by the marvellous; but even in fable itſelf requires the credible.—The poet, who

can

can give to ſplendid inventions, and to fictions new and bold, the air and authority of reality and truth, is maſter of the genuine ſources of the *Caſtalian* ſpring, and may juſtly be ſaid to draw his inſpiration from the *well-head of pure poeſy*.

S. ſaw how uſeful the popular ſuperſtitions had been to the ancient poets: he felt that they were neceſſary to poetry itſelf. One needs only to read ſome modern *French* heroic poems to be convinced how poorly epic poetry ſubſiſts on the pure elements of hiſtory and philoſophy: *Taſſo*, though he had a ſubject ſo popular, at the time he wrote, as the deliverance of *Jeruſalem*, was obliged to employ the operations of magic, and the interpoſition of angels and dæmons, to give the marvellous, the ſublime, and, I may add, that religious air to his work, which ennobles the enthuſiaſm, and ſanctifies the fiction of the poet. *Arioſto's* excurſive muſe wanders through the regions of romance, attended by all the ſuperb train of chivalry, giants, dwarfs, and enchanters; and however theſe poets, by the ſevere and frigid critics may have been condemned for giving ornaments not purely claſſical, to their works, I believe every reader of taſte admires, not only the fertility of their imagination, but the judgment with which they availed themſelves of the ſuperſtition of the times, and of the cuſtoms and modes of the country, in which they laid their ſcenes of action.

To recur, as the learned ſometimes do, to the mythology and fables of other ages, and other countries, has ever a poor effect: *Jupiter*, *Minerva*, and *Apollo*, only embelliſh a modern ſtory, as a print from their ſtatues adorns the frontiſpiece.—We admire indeed the art of the ſculptors who give their images with grace and majeſty; but no devotion is excited, no enthuſiaſm kindled, by the repreſentations of characters whoſe divinity we do not acknowledge.

When

When the Pagan temples ceaſed to be revered, and the *Parnaſſian* mount exiſted no longer, it would have been difficult for the poet of later times to have preſerved the divinity of his muſe inviolate, if the weſtern world too had not had its ſacred fables. While there is any national ſuperſtition which credulity has conſecrated, any hallowed tradition long revered by vulgar faith; to that ſanctuary, that aſylum, may the poet reſort.—Let him tread the holy ground with reverence; reſpect the eſtabliſhed doctrine; exactly obſerve the accuſtomed rites, and the attributes of the object of veneration; then ſhall he not vainly invoke an inexorable or abſent deity. Ghoſts, fairies, goblins, elves, were as propitious, were as aſſiſtant to *S.* and gave as much of the ſublime, and of the marvellous, to his fictions, as nymphs, ſatyrs, fawns, and even the triple *Geryon*, to the works of ancient bards. Our poet never carries his præternatural beings beyond the limits of the popular tradition. It is true, that he boldly exerts his poetic genius and faſcinating powers in that magic circle, *in which none e'er durſt walk but he:* but, as judicious as bold, he contains himſelf within it. He calls up all the ſtately phantoms in the regions of ſuperſtition, which our faith will receive with reverence. He throws into their manners and language a myſterious ſolemnity, favorable to ſuperſtition in general, with ſomething highly characteriſtic of each particular being which he exhibits. His witches, his ghoſts, and his fairies, ſeem *ſpirits of health or goblins damn'd; bring with them airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell.* His ghoſts are ſullen, melancholy, and terrible. Every ſentence, uttered by the witches, is a prophecy, or a charm; their manners are malignant, their phraſes ambiguous, their promiſes deluſive.——The witches' cauldron is a horrid collection of what is moſt horrid in their ſuppoſed incantations. *Ariel* is a ſpirit, mild, gentle, and ſweet, poſſeſſed of ſupernatural powers, but ſubject to the command of a great magician.

The

The fairies are ſportive and gay; the innocent artificers of harmleſs frauds, and mirthful deluſions. *Puck's* enumeration of the feats of a fairy is the moſt agreeable recital of their ſuppoſed gambols.

To all theſe beings our poet has aſſigned taſks, and appropriated manners adapted to their imputed diſpoſitions and characters; which are continually developing through the whole piece, in a ſeries of operations conducive to the cataſtrophe. They are not brought in as ſubordinate or caſual agents, but lead the action, and govern the fable; in which reſpect our countryman has entered more into theatrical propriety than the *Greek* tragedians.

Every ſpecies of poetry has its diſtinct duties and obligations. The drama does not, like the epic, admit of epiſode, ſuperfluous perſons, or things incredible; for, as it is obſerved by a critic of great ingenuity and taſte, * "that which paſſes in repreſentation, and challenges, as it were, the ſcrutiny of the eye, muſt be truth itſelf, or ſomething very nearly approaching to it." It ſhould indeed be what our imagination will adopt, though our reaſon would reject it. Great caution and dexterity are required in the dramatic poet to give an air of reality to fictitious exiſtence.

In the bold attempt to *give to airy nothing a local habitation and a perſon*, regard muſt be paid to fix it in ſuch ſcenes, and to diſplay it in ſuch actions, as are agreeable to the popular opinion.—Witches holding their ſabbath, and ſaluting paſſengers on the blaſted heath! ghoſts, at the midnight hour, viſiting the glimpſes of the moon, and whiſpering a bloody ſecret, from propriety of place and action, derive a credibility very propitious to the ſcheme of the poet. Reddere perſonæ—convenientia cuique, cannot be leſs his duty in regard to theſe ſuperior and divine, than to human

* *Hurd*, on Dramatic Imitation.

cha-

characters. Indeed, from the invariableneſs of their natures, a greater conſiſtency and uniformity is neceſſary; but moſt of all, as the belief of their intervention depends entirely on their manners and ſentiments ſuiting with the preconceived opinion of them.

The magician *Proſpero* raiſing a ſtorm: witches performing infernal rites; or any other exertion of the ſuppoſed powers and qualities of the agent, were eaſily credited by the vulgar.

The genius of *S.* informed him that poetic fable muſt riſe above the ſimple tale of the nurſe; therefore he adorns the beldame tradition with flowers gathered on claſſic ground, but ſtill wiſely ſuffering thoſe ſimples of her native ſoil, to which the eſtabliſhed ſuperſtition of her country has attributed a magic ſpell, to to be predominant. Can any thing be more poetical than *Proſpero's* addreſs to his attendant ſpirits before he diſmiſſes them?

Proſ. Ye elves of hills, &c.

Here are agreeably ſummed up the popular ſtories concerning the power of magicians. The incantations of the witches in *Macbeth* are more ſolemn and terrible than thoſe of the *Erichtho* of *Lucan*, or of the *Canidia* of *Horace*. It may be ſaid, indeed, that *S.* had an advantage derived from the more direful character of his national ſuperſtitions.

A celebrated writer in his ingenious letters on chivalry, has obſerved that the *Gothic* manners, and *Gothic* ſuperſtitions, are more adapted to the uſes of poetry, than the *Grecian*. The devotion of thoſe times was gloomy and fearful, not being purged of the terrors of the *Celtic* fables. The prieſt often availed himſelf of the dire inventions of his predeceſſor the druid. The church of *Rome* adopted many of the *Celtic* ſuperſtitions; others, which were not eſtabliſhed by it as points of faith, ſtill maintained a traditional authority among the vulgar. Climate, temper,

per, modes of life, and inſtitutions of government, ſeem all to have conſpired to make the ſuperſtitions of the *Celtic* nations melancholy and terrible. Philoſophy had not mitigated the auſterity of ignorant devotion, or tamed the fierce ſpirit of enthuſiaſm. As the bards, who were our philoſophers and poets, pretended to be poſſeſſed of the dark ſecrets of magic and divination, they certainly encouraged the ignorant credulity, and anxious fears, to which ſuch impoſtures owe their ſucceſs and credit. The retired and gloomy ſcenes appointed for the moſt ſolemn rites of devotion; the auſterity and rigour of druidical diſcipline and juriſdiction; the faſts, the penances, the ſad excommunications from the comforts and privileges of civil life; the dreadful anathema, whoſe vengeance purſued the wretched beyond the grave—which bounds all human power and mortal juriſdiction—muſt deeply imprint on the mind all thoſe forms of ſuperſtition ſuch an hierarchy preſented. The bard, who was ſubſervient to the druid, had mixed them in his heroic ſong; in his hiſtorical annals; in his medical practice: genii aſſiſted his heroes; dæmons decided the fate of the battle; and charms cured the ſick, or the wounded. After the conſecrated groves were cut down, and the temples demoliſhed, the tales that ſprung from thence were ſtill preſerved with religious reverence in the minds of the people.

The poet found himſelf happily ſituated amidſt enchantments, ghoſts, goblins; every element ſuppoſed the reſidence of a kind of deity; the genius of the mountain, the ſpirit of the floods, the oak endued with ſacred prophecy, made men walk abroad with a fearful apprehenſion

Of powers unſeen, and mightier far than they.

On the mountains, and in the woods, ſtalked the angry ſpectre; and in the gayeſt and moſt pleaſing ſcenes, even within the cheerful haunts of men amongſt villages and farms,

Tripp'd

Tripp'd the light fairies, and the dapper elves.

The reader will eaſily perceive what reſources remained for the poet in this viſionary land of ideal forms. The general ſcenery of nature, conſidered as inanimate, only adorns the deſcriptive part of poetry; but being, according to the *Celtic* traditions, animated by a kind of intelligences, the bard could better make uſe of them for his moral purpoſes. That awe of the immediate preſence of the deity, which, among the reſt of the vulgar, is confined to temples and altars, was here diffuſed over every object. They paſſed trembling through the woods, and over the mountain, and by the lakes, inhabited by theſe inviſible powers; ſuch apprehenſions muſt indeed

Deepen the murmur of the falling floods,
And ſhed a browner horror on the woods;

Give fearful accents to every whiſper of the animate or inanimate creation, and arm every ſhadow with terrors.

With great reaſon, therefore, it was aſſerted, that the weſtern bards had advantage over *Homer* in the ſuperſtitions of their country. The religious ceremonies of *Greece* were more pompous than ſolemn; and ſeemed as much a part of their civil inſtitutions, as belonging to ſpiritual matters: nor did they impreſs ſo deep a ſenſe of inviſible beings, and prepare the mind to catch the enthuſiaſm of the poet, and to receive with veneration the phantoms he preſented.

Our countryman has another ſuperiority over the *Greek* poets, even the earlieſt of them, who, having imbibed the learning of myſterious *Egypt*, addicted themſelves to allegory; but our *Gothic* bard employs the potent agency of ſacred fable, inſtead of mere amuſive allegory. When the world becomes learned and philoſophical, fable refines into allegory. But the age of fable is the golden age of poetry; when the beams of unclouded reaſon, and the ſteady lamp of inquiſitive philoſophy, throw their penetrating rays upon

upon the phantoms of imagination, they diſcover them to have been mere ſhadows, formed by ignorance. The thunderbolts of *Jove*, forged in *Cimmerian* caves; the ceſtus of *Venus*, woven by hands of the attracting Graces, ceaſe to terrify and allure. *Echo*, from an amorous nymph, fades into voice, and nothing more; the very threads of *Iris's* ſcarf are untwiſted; all the poet's ſpells are broken, his charms diſſolved: deſerted on his own enchanted ground, he takes refuge in the groves of philoſophy; but there his divinities evaporate in allegory, in which myſtic and inſubſtantial ſtate they do but weakly aſſiſt his operations. By aſſociating his muſe with philoſophy, he hopes ſhe may eſtabliſh with the learned the worſhip ſhe won from the ignorant; ſo makes her quit the old traditional fable, from whence ſhe derived her firſt authority and power, to follow airy hypotheſis, and chimerical ſyſtems. Allegory, the daughter of fable, is admired by the faſtidious wit, and abſtruſe ſcholar, when her mother begins to be treated as ſuperannuated, fooliſh, and doating; but however well ſhe may pleaſe and amuſe, not being worſhipped as divine, ſhe does not awe and terrify like ſacred mythology, nor ever can eſtabliſh the ſame fearful devotion, nor aſſume ſuch arbitrary power over the mind. Her perſon is not adapted to the ſtage, nor her qualities to the buſineſs and end of dramatic repreſentation. L'Abbe *du Bos* has judiciouſly diſtinguiſhed the reaſons why allegory is not fit for the drama. What the critic inveſtigated by art and ſtudy, the wiſdom of nature unfolded to our unlettered poet, or he would not have reſiſted the prevalent faſhion of his allegorizing age; eſpecially as *Spenſer's Fairy Queen* was the admired work of the times.

Allegorical beings, performing acts of chivalry, fell in with the taſte of an age that affected abſtruſe learning, romantic valour, and high-flown gallantry. Prince *Arthur* the *Britiſh Hercules*, was brought from ancient ballads and romances, to be allegorized into

the knight of magnanimity, at the court of *Gloriana*. His knights followed him thither, in the ſame moralized garb, and even the queſtynge beaſt received no leſs honour and improvement from the allegorizing art of *Spencer*, as has been ſhewn by a critic of great learning, ingenuity, and taſte, in his *Obſervations on the Fairy Queen*.

Our firſt theatrical entertainments, after we emerged from groſs barbariſm, were of the allegorical kind. The Chriſtmas carol, and carnival ſhews, the pious paſtimes of our holy-days, were turned into pageantries and maſques, all ſymbolical and allegorical.—Our ſtage roſe from hymns to the virgin, and encomiums on the patriarchs and ſaints: as the *Grecian* tragedies from the hymns to *Bacchus*. Our early poets added narration and action to this kind of pſalmody, as *Æſchylus* had done to the ſong of the goat. Much more rapid indeed was the progreſs of the *Grecian* ſtage towards perfection.—Philoſophy, poetry, eloquence, all the fine arts, were in their meridian glory, when the drama firſt began to dawn at *Athens*, and glorioufly it ſhone forth, illuminated by every kind of intellectual light.

S. in the dark ſhades of *Gothic* barbariſm, had no reſources but in the very phantoms that walked the night of ignorance and ſuperſtition: or in touching the latent paſſions of civil rage and diſcord; ſure to pleaſe beſt his fierce and barbarous audience, when he raiſed the bloody ghoſt, or reared the warlike ſtandard. His choice of theſe ſubjects was judicious, if we conſider the times in which he lived; his management of them ſo maſterly, that he will be admired in all times.

In the ſame age, *Ben. Johnſon*, more proud of his learning than confident of his genius, was deſirous to give a metaphyſical air to his compoſitions. He compoſed many pieces of the allegorical kind, eſtabliſhed on the *Grecian* mythology, and rendered his play-houſe a perfect pantheon.—*S.* diſdained theſe quaint

quaint devices; an admirable judge of human nature, with a capacity moſt extenſive, and an invention moſt happy, he contented himſelf with giving dramatic manners to hiſtory, ſublimity and its appropriated powers and charms to fiction; and in both theſe arts he is unequalled.—The *Catiline* and *Sejanus* of *Johnſon* are cold, crude, heavy pieces; turgid where they ſhould be great; bombaſt where they ſhould be ſublime; the ſentiments extravagant; the manners exaggerated; and the whole undramatically conducted by long ſenatorial ſpeeches, and flat plagiariſms from *Tacitus* and *Salluſt*. Such of this author's pieces as he boaſts to be *grounded on antiquity and ſolid learning, and to lay hold on removed myſteries**, have neither the majeſty of *S's* ſerious fables, nor the pleaſing ſportfulneſs and poetical imagination of his fairy tales.—And indeed if we compare our countryman, in this reſpect, not only with the moderns, but the moſt admired writers of antiquity, we ſhall not find him inferior to them."

The reader will find ſome attempts, on this head, in the Introduction to *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. See alſo the cloſe of this admirable play—*The Tempeſt*.

* Prologue to the *Maſque of Queens*.

XI.

The Tempeſt.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Miranda's *Compaſſion.*

Mir. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! A brave veſſel,
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e're,
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighting ſouls within her.
Pro. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue (1) of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul (2)
No not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel,
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink.

An

(1) *The very virtue.*] i. e. the moſt efficacious part; the energetic quality; in a like ſenſe we ſay, "the virtue of a plant is in the extract." *J.*

(2) *There is no ſoul.*] i. e. no ſoul loſt. The ſentence is broken and interrupted, by the zeal of the ſpeaker, who hurries to a fuller manner of expreſſing the matter in hand. "Such interrupted ſentences," *St.* obſerves juſtly, "are not uncommon to *S.*; he ſometimes begins a ſentence, and before

An uſurping Subſtitute compared to Ivy.

That (3) now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.——

Confidence betrayed.

My truſt
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit;
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact, like one (4)
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke.

Infant Innocence.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Proſ.

before he concludes it, entirely changes the conſtruction, becauſe another more forcible occurs. As this change frequently happens in converſation, it may be ſuffered to paſs uncenſured in the language of the ſtage." See *Acts*, c. xxvii. v. 22—34.

(3) *That*, &c.] See *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 3. Sc. 1.

(4) *Like one*, &c.] *W.* reads thus,

——Like one,
Who having *unto* truth, by telling *oft*,
Made, &c.

The conſtruction as it ſtands, is rather irregular: *lie* however appears to be the ſubſtantive to which *it* refers.

Telling of *it*, i. e. *his own lie*.

Pro. O, a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea (5) with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

A Father's Tutorage.

Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Fortunate Moments.

By my preſcience (6)
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

Ariel's *Deſcription of his managing the Storm.*

I boarded the king's ſhip: now on the beak, (7)
Now

(5) *Deck'd the ſea.*] i. e. *cover'd:* ſo to *deck* the table: the *deck* of a ſhip, &c.

(6) *By my preſcience.*] This paſſage furniſhes a prudent and neceſſary reflection to the mind of the reader, that man's ſucceſs in life often depends upon ſome lucky and critical occaſion, which, ſuffered to ſlip by, may never return again. *S.* expreſſes himſelf more fully on this ſubject in another place. Some other poet too preſents us with a poetical image to the ſame purpoſe, where he ſays that opportunity is "bald behind." Mrs. *G.*

(7) *On the beak.*] The beak was a ſtrong pointed body, at the head of the ancient gallies: it is uſed here for the fore-

Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: ſometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places: on the top-maſt,
The yards, and bolt-ſprit would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet and join: *Jove's* lightning the precurſers
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary,
And ſight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble:
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mind (8) and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation; all, but mariners
Plung'd in the foamy brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd: cry'd "hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."——

Ariel's

forecaſtle. The *waſte* is the part between the quarter-deck and the forecaſtle. *J.*

(9) *A fever of the mind.*] A fever of the *madde*, the folio reads: and I apprehend properly: the editors in general read, *a fever of the mind*; which appears to me rather a too common expreſſion; beſides, the following words—*and play'd ſome tricks of deſperation*, ſeem to confirm the old reading. Perhaps this fever of *the madde* was ſome particularly violent fever that rendered the perſons abſolutely delirious; ſomething like a *calenture*, a diſtemper peculiar to ſailors, wherein they imagine the ſea to be a green field, and will throw themſelves into it, if not prevented. I have heard ſome propoſe to read,

But felt the fever of the mad.

Ariel's *Expreſſion a little above, is very fine and picturesque.*

——To ride (9)
On the curl'd clouds.

As is the following.

Thou doſt: and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep:
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north:
To do me buſineſs in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.——

Proſpero's

(9) So, in the ſcripture, Thou cauſeſt me to ride upon the wind, *Job.* xxx, 22. The Lord rideth on the ſwift cloud, *Iſ.* xix. 1. Extol him that rideth upon the heavens, *Pſ.* xlviii, 4. Satan, ſpeaking of what was appointed them to do in hell, (*Milton*, B. 1. 150.) ſays,

Whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep.

And in the 2d Book, v. 500, *Milton* has the ſame expreſſion with *S.*

To ride the air
In whirlwind.

That fine expreſſion in the Pſalmiſt, *He walketh upon the wings of the wind*, is a good comment on *To run upon the ſharp wind:* as is the following from *Eccleſiaſticus*, of *bak'd* with *froſt*—chap. xliii, 20, 21. When the cold north-wind bloweth, it devoureth the mountains and *burneth* the wilderneſs, and *conſumeth* the graſs as *fire.* So *Milton*, B. 2. 594.

The parching air
Burns frore.

And *Virgil*, Georg. 1. 93.

Boreæ penetrabile *frigus* adurat.
Or penetrable cold of *Boreas parch.*

Proſpero's *Threat to* Ariel.

If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haſt howl'd (10) away twelve winters.

Caliban's

(10) *Thou haſt howl'd*, &c.] Speaking of *Ariel's* former ſituation, he ſays that,

He did vent his groans
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike.

That the character and conduct of *Proſpero* may be underſtood, ſomething muſt be known of enchantment, which ſupplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This ſyſtem ſeems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen ſpirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulſion; ſome being confined in hell, *ſome* (as *Hooker*, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expreſſes it) *diſperſed in air, ſome on earth, ſome in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of theſe, ſome were more malignant and miſchievous than others. The earthy ſpirits ſeem to have been thought the moſt depraved, and the aërial the leaſt vitiated. Thus *Proſpero* obſerves of *Ariel:*

Thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands.

Over theſe ſpirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed, or charms learned. This power was called *The black Art, or Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king *James* obſerves in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch ſerves him.* Thoſe who thought beſt of this art, the exiſtence of which was, I am afraid, believed very ſeriouſly, held, that certain ſounds and characters had a phyſical power over ſpirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was ſurely never practiſed, were of opinion, with more reaſon, that the power of charms, aroſe *only* from compact, and was no more than the ſpirits voluntary allowed them for the ſeduction of man. The art was held by all, though not

Caliban's *Curſes.*

As wicked dew, (11) as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,

Drop

equally criminal, yet unlawful; and therefore *Cauſabon*, ſpeaking of one who had commerce with ſpirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the beſt kind, who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus *Proſpero* repents of his art in the laſt ſcene. The ſpirits were always conſidered as in ſome meaſure enſlaved to the enchanter, at leaſt for a time, and as ſerving with unwillingneſs; therefore *Ariel* ſo often begs for liberty; and *Caliban* obſerves, that the ſpirits ſerve *Proſpero* with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*

(11) *As wicked dew*, &c.] *S.* hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of *Caliban*, in order to heighten the groteſque of his character. As here he uſes *wicked* for *unwholeſome.* So Sir *John Maundevile*, in his Travels, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1725.—*at all tymes brennethe a veſſelle of criſtalle fulle of bawme for to zeven gode ſmalle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden away alle WYKKEDE eyres and corruptions.* [So *Spencer* ſays, *wicked weed*; ſo, in oppoſition, we ſay herbs or medicines have *virtues. Bacon* mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and *Dryden virtuous herbs.*] It was a tradition, it ſeems, that lord *Falkland*, lord *C. J. Vaughan*, and Mr. *Selden* concurred in obſerving, that *S.* had not only found out a new character in his *Caliban*, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a new *manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, "that *S.* gave his language a certain groteſque air of the ſavage and antique, which it certainly has." *See W.*

"Whence theſe critics derived the notion of a new language, appropriated to *Caliban*, I cannot find, ſays *J.* they certainly miſtook brutality of ſentiment for uncouthneſs of words. *Caliban* had learned to ſpeak of *Proſpero* and his daughter, he had no names for the ſun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more underſtanding than *S.* has thought proper to beſtow upon him: his diction is indeed ſomewhat clouded by the gloomineſs of his temper, and

the

Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er.

* * * * * *

I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cameſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'ſt me, and mad'ſt much of me: wou'd'ſt give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' th' iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine pits; barren place and fertile:
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo: all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whilſt you do keep from me
The reſt of th' iſland.

Caliban's *Exultation after* Proſpero *tells him*—He ſought to violate the Honour of his Child, *has ſomething in it very ſtrikingly in Character.*

Oh ho, oh ho,—I wou'd it had been done,
Thou did'ſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This iſle with *Calibans*.
Proſ. Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou could'ſt not, ſavage,
Show thine own meaning; but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race
Though

the malignity of his purpoſes; but let any other being entertain the ſame thoughts, and he will find them eaſily iſſue in the ſame expreſſions."

Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good nature
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe; the red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Muſic.

Where ſhould this muſic be? in air or earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon
Some God of th' iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſic crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion
With its ſweet air.

Ariel's *Song.*

Full fathom five (12) thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

Amiable

(12) *Full fathom five*, &c.] *Gildon*, who has pretended to criticiſe our author, would give this up as an inſufferable and ſenſeleſs piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjuſt one. Let us conſider the buſineſs *Ariel* is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commiſſion *Proſpero* had entruſted to him, in a whiſper, was plainly this; to conduct *Ferdinand* to the ſight of *Miranda*, and to diſpoſe him to

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda *on firſt View of* Ferdinand.

Proſ. This gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With

to the quick ſentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the ſame impreſſions. *Ariel* ſets about his buſineſs by acquainting *Ferdinand*, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatns, one would think, for a love fit. And yet as it appears, the poet has ſhewn in it the fineſt conduct for carrying on his plot. *Proſpero* had ſaid,

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

In conſequence of this his preſcience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumſtance that the occaſion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young *Ferdinand*. But to ſecure this point it was neceſſary they ſhould be contracted before the affair came to *Alonzo*, the father's knowledge. For *Proſpero* was ignorant how this ſtorm and ſhipwreck, cauſed by him, would work upon *Alonzo's* temper. It might either ſoften him, or increaſe his averſion for *Proſpero* as the author. On the other hand, to engage *Ferdinand*, without the conſent of his father, was difficult. For, not to ſpeak of his quality, where ſuch engagements are not made without the conſent of the ſovereign, *Ferdinand* is repreſented (to ſhew it a match worth ſeeking) of a moſt pious temper and diſpoſition, which would prevent him contracting himſelf without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmoſt addreſs, has made *Ariel* perſuade him of his father's death, to remove this remora. Thus far *W. J.* adds, " The reaſon for which *Ariel* is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always aſcribed a ſort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humourous and frolick controlment of nature, well expreſſed by the ſongs of *Ariel*."

With grief, that beauty's canker, thou mightſt call him
A goodly perſon.——
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Fer. Moſt ſure the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend.

* * * * *

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit love ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with 't.

A Lover's Speech.

My (13) ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up;
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The

(13) *My*, &c.] The following fine ſimile from *Virgil*, will be a good comment on *S. Æn.* 12. v. 908.

Ac velut, &c.

And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The fickly fancy labours in the night,
We ſeem to run, and deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die.

Dryden.

Taſſo, in his *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, has finely imitated this ſimile, C. 20. S. 105,

Come vede talor torbidi, &c.

As when the ſick or frantic men oft dream
In their unquiet ſleep, and ſlumber ſhort,
And think they run ſome ſpeedy courſe, and ſeem
To move their legs and feet in haſty ſort;

The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but thro' my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of: ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.

ACT

Yet feel their limbs far ſlower than the ſtream
Of their vain thoughts, that bears them in this ſport,
And oft wou'd ſpeak, wou'd cry, wou'd call or ſhout,
Yet neither ſound, nor voice, nor word ſent out.
Fairfax.

The following part of the ſpeech is greatly exceeded by another of the ſame ſort in the Second Part of *King Henry* VI. Act 3. which ſee and n. There is too in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, a thought of the ſame kind, though rather too quaint.

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company:
For you in my reſpect are all the world,
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?
Act 2. Sc 3.

Sir *J. Suckling*, in his *Goblins*, Act 4. has a ſimilar paſſage.

Witneſs all that can puniſh falſhood,
That I cou'd live with thee, even in this dark
And narrow priſon, and think all happineſs
Confin'd within the walls.———

We may obſerve the character of *Reginella*, in that play, is an imperfect copy of *Miranda* in this.

Maſſinger, in his *Guardian*, Act 5. Sc. 1. has an expreſſion like *S's*.

Theſe woods, *Severino*,
Shall more than ſeem to me a populous city,
You being preſent,

ACT II. SCENE I.

Reſignation and Gratitude.

Beſeech you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: our hint of woe (14)
Is common; every day ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Deſcription of Ferdinand's *ſwimming aſhore.*

I ſaw (15) him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwol'n that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As

(14) *Our hint of woe.*] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. "The cauſe that fills our minds with grief, is common." *J.*

(15) *I ſaw*, &c.] The reader is deſired to compare this with a ſimilar paſſage of *Julius Cæſar*, Act. 1. *Jaffier's* deſcription of his preſerving *Belvidera*, is very noble.

When inſtantly I plung'd into the ſea,
And *buffeting the billows* to her reſcue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loſs of mine.
Like a rich conqueſt in one hand I bore her,
And with the other daſh'd the *ſaucy* waves,
That *throng'd* and *preſs'd* to rob me of my prize.
Venice Preſerv'd, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Buffeting the billows, is quite *S's* expreſſion, and the whole paſſage is worthy that great maſter.

As ſtooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too ſevere Reproof, animadverted upon.

The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould find the plaiſter.

Satire on Utopian *Schemes of Government.*

I'the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; poverty, riches,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contracts, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent, and pure:
No ſovereignty:
All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of it's own kind, all foiſon, (16) all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not (17) omit the heavy offer of it,

It

(16) *Foiſon.*] Or *foizon*, ſignifies *plenty*, ubertas. *Edwards.*

(17) *Do not*, &c.] Dr. *Young*, begins his *Night Thoughts* with a parody of this.

Tir'd

It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apoſiopeſis. (18)

They fell together, all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might
Worthy *Sebaſtian*——O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SCENE VII. Caliban's *Curſes.*

All (19) the infections that the ſun ſucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe: his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe; but they'll not pinch,
Fright

Tir'd nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep,
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles, the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.

There is not a more common topic with the poets than ſleep, and amongſt which, perhaps, none excel *S.* ſee *Henry* IV. Second Part, Act 3. Sc. 1.

(18) There is not a more elegant figure than the *Apoſiopeſis*, when in threatening, or in the expreſſion of any other paſſion, the ſentence is broken, and ſomething is left to be ſupplied. *S.* excels greatly in it (as indeed he does in every poetical beauty), of which, the paſſage before us is a ſtriking example. There is a very excellent one in *Lear*, Act 2. Sc. 12. and the note.

(19) *All,* &c.] So king *Lear* ſays,

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes: infect her beauty
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun
To fall and blaſt her pride. Act 2.

Fright me with urchin-ſhews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them: but
For every triſle are they ſet upon me;
Sometimes, like apes, that moe (20) and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into ma neſs.——Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a ſpirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly; I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

A Satire on the Engliſh *Curioſity.*

Were I in *England* now, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man (21): any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian* (22).

Some

(20) *Moe.*] i. e. make mouths. So in the old verſion of the Pſalms,

Making *moes* at me.

And in *King Lear*,

Of mapping and *moeing*.

All *wound* with adders, l. 13. means, enwrapped, twiſted about with adders. *St.* and *J.*

(21) *Make a man.*] i. e. a man's fortune.

(22) *A dead Indian.*] Probably ſome alluſion to a particular occurrence, now obſcured by time. In *Henry* VIII. the *porter* aſks the mob, if they think—*ſome ſtrange Indian* is come to court. *St.* Mrs. *G.* obſerves in juſtification

Some of the Sailor's Remarks on Caliban.

Alas, the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout. Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows.

* * * * *

Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter. His forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract.

* * * * *

By this good light, 'tis a very ſhallow monſter;—I afraid of him? (23) a very weak monſter:—The man i' th' moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter.

Caliban's *Promiſes*.

I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough;
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man——
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To

tification of her country from the ſarcaſm above, that "no nation on the globe is more diſtinguiſhed for charity, humanity, and benevolence, than the *Engliſh* at preſent. And this muſt always have been their characteriſtic: for manners may refine, but cannot create virtues. Poliſhing may give taſte, but feelings come from nature."

(23) *I afraid of him*, &c.] It is to be obſerved that *Trinculo* the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid: but it was his conſciouſneſs, that he was ſo, which drew this brag from him. This is nature. *W.*

To cluſtring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſeamels (24) from the rock.

ACT III. SCENE I.

There perhaps cannot be conceived any thing more beautiful and natural than the following Scene: I almoſt think it an Injuſtice to S. *to take down any particular part: yet the ſubſequent lines are ſo expreſſive of* true *and* unbiaſſed affection, *I cannot omit them.*

Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

There (25) be ſome ſports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone: and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs whom I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compoſed of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some

(24) *Seamels.*] This is the reading of the old editions, but the word is no where elſe to be met with. *Sea-mells*, which *J.* would propoſe, comes very near the traces of the letters: they are birds that haunt the rocks about the ſea-ſhore, and are the ſame with the ſea-mews. Other editors read differently; *Theobald* and *Warburton*, *Shamois*, i. e. young kids: the reading in the text ſeems leſs uncouth; but it matters little (as has been obſerved) ſo long as we take a word ſignifying the name of ſomething in nature, which we uſe. *Holt* ſays, that in ſome places, *limpets* are called *ſcams*.

(25) *There*, &c.] In *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. 4. v. 437. *Adam* ſays to *Eve*,

But let us ever praiſe him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk
To prune thoſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.

Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile 'em up
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor: I forget;
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſie-leſs, (26) when I do it.

And again.

Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What 's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt(27).

Miranda's *offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.*

If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

And

(26) *Moſt buſie-leſs.*] i. e. "Amidſt all theſe labours, the thoughts of her drive away all appearance of labour, and make me ſeem to myſelf moſt buſy-leſs, or leaſt employed, when I am moſt ſo!" ſomething after the manner of the old famous *nunquam minus otioſus, quam cum otioſus.*

(27) *Of every creature's beſt.*] Alluding to the picture of *Venus* by *Apelles*. *J.*

And afterwards, how innocent—

———I am a fool (28)
To weep at what I am glad of!
(29) I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

SCENE III. *Puniſhment of Crimes delayed not forgotten.*

For which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd

(28) *I am a fool*, &c.] This is one of thoſe touches of nature that diſtinguiſh *S.* from all other writers. It was neceſſary, in ſupport of the character of *Miranda*, to make her appear ignorant, that exceſs of ſorrow and exceſs of joy find alike their relief from tears: and as this is the firſt time that conſummate pleaſure had made any near approaches to her heart, ſhe calls ſuch an expreſſion of it, *folly*.

It is impertinent to be for ever pointing out beauties, which the reader of taſte will of courſe diſtinguiſh for himſelf; and yet I cannot quit this ſcene without obſerving that it is ſuperior in its kind to any of thoſe that paſs between *Romeo* and *Juliet*; and holds up the moſt captivating picture of juvenile affection that has been exhibited, even by *S.* himſelf. The prince behaves through the whole with a delicacy ſuitable to his birth and education: and his unexperienced miſtreſs pours forth her ſoul without reſerve, without deſcending from the ſoft elevation of maiden dignity, and apparently derives her confidence from the purity of her intentions. *St.*

(29) Mr. *Prior* has a thought to this effect, in his charming poem of *Henry* and *Emma*.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow, her let me attend,
A ſervant—ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend.

Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace.

Guilty Conſcience.

O, (30) it is monſtrous! monſtrous!——
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*. It did baſs my treſpaſs. (31)
Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt
Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite thy ſpirit.

ACT

(30) *O*, &c.] The horrors of a guilty mind are thus nobly deſcribed by *Maſſinger*.

Do, do, rage on; rend open, *Æolus*,
Thy brazen priſon, and let looſe at once
Thy ſtormy iſſue! Bluſt'ring *Boreas*,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compaſs, cannot raiſe a tempeſt
Thro' the vaſt region of the air, like that
I feel within me: for I am poſſeſs'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me's
A dreadful hurricane; although this center
Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-ſtretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accurſed head.

Unnatural Combat, Act 5. *latter end.*

(31) *Baſs my treſpaſs.*] "The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſs ſound." In the next line but one *S.* alludes to a cuſtom of the natives of *Africa*, who have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to take effect till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered, and were then as certain in their effect, as they were ſubtle in their preparation. *J.* and *St.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's *Boaſt of Miranda.*

O, *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Proſ. If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both; therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps ſhall light you.

A Lover's Proteſtation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongeſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration;
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus'* ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Paſſion too ſtrong for Vows.

Proſ. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the ſtrongeſt (32) oaths are ſtraws
To

(32) *The ſtrongeſt*, &c.] So in *Hamlet*, *Polonius* ſays,

To the fire i' th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night, your vow!

Ferdinand's *Anſwer.*

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity of human Nature.

Proſ. Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors
(As I foretold you) were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all who it inherit, ſhall diſſolve (33):
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack (34) behind! We are ſuch ſtuff

As

I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows, *&c.*

And in *All's well that ends well*, the counteſs obſerves,

Nat'ral rebellion done in the *blaze* of youth,
When oil and *fire* too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

(33) *Shall diſſolve.*] "This," ſays *Upton*," is exactly from ſcripture," 2 *Peter* iii. 11, 12. " Seeing then that all theſe things ſhall be *diſſolved*, &c. the heavens being on fire ſhall be *diſſolved*, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat." And *Iſaiah* xxxiv. 4. " And all the hoſt of heaven ſhall be *diſſolved*." See *Obſervations on Shakeſpear*, p. 224.

(34) *A rack.*] i. e. No track or path. See *Upton's Obſervations*, p. 212. " The winds," ſays Lord *Bacon*, " which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, paſs without noiſe."

As dreams are made of; and our little life
(35) Is rounded with a ſleep.

Drunkards inchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd (36) their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic: ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſkins: at laſt I left 'em
I' th'

(35) See *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act 4.

(36) *Advanc'd*, &c.] So, a little before, we have,

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. Act 1.

Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie, of Hobgoblin caught in a Spell*, has theſe lines,

But once the circle got within
The charms to work do ſtraight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin.
For as he thus was buſy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Againſt a ſtubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor *Hobgoblin*'s heels:

Alas, his brain was dizzy.
At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, *Hobgoblin* frets,
And as again he forward ſets,
And through the buſhes ſcrambles,
A ſtump doth hit him in his pace,
Down comes poor *Hob* upon his face,
And lamentably tore his caſe
Among the briars and brambles.

I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Prof. —— A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray (37) you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall.

Conceited Governor.

Trin. Do, do: we ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: "Steal by line and level," is an excellent paſs of pate: there's another garment for't.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Fine Sentiment, of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*,
His

(37) *Pray*, &c.] ——Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
The very ſtones prate of my where-about.
Macbeth, Act 2. Sc. 2. See the whole paſſage.

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Proſ. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Proſ. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion (38) as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
(39) Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

(40) Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves

(38) *Paſſion*] is a verb in *S.* "I feel every thing with the ſame quick ſenſibility, and am moved by the ſame paſſions as they are." So in the *Gentlemen of Verona*,

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne paſſioning*
For *Theſeus*, &c.

Again in his *Venus and Adonis*,

Dumbly ſhe *paſſions*, franticly ſhe doateth. *St.*

(39) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 2. Sc. 7. *&c*,

(40) *S.* is in nothing confeſſedly more inimitable than in his fairies and magic, of which, this play and the *Midſummer Night's Dream* are ſtriking proofs. How inferior is *Ovid* to him, when he makes *Medea*, the moſt celebrated ſorcereſs, ſpeak thus,

Stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigoque vocoque

Vipereaſque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces;
Vivaque ſaxa ſua convulſaque robora terra,
Et ſilvas moveo, jubeoque tremeſcere montes,
Et mugire ſolum, maneſque exire ſepulchris.

Oft by your aid ſwift currents I have led
Thro' wand'ring banks back to their fountain-head:
Transform'd the proſpect of the briny deep,
Made ſleeping billows rave, and raving billows ſleep:
Made clouds or ſun-ſhine; tempeſts riſe or fall,
And ſtubborn lawleſs winds obey my call:
With mutter'd words diſarm'd the viper's jaw;
Up by the roots vaſt oaks and rocks I 'd draw:
Make foreſts dance, and trembling *mountains come*
Like malefactors to receive their doom;
Earth groan, and frighted ghoſts forſake their tomb.

Tate.

Viva ſaxa, & mugire ſolum, are as ſtrong as *graves wak'd their ſleepers* in our author, which every true reader of *S.* will immediately acknowledge the genuine reading; it is indeed extremely bold, and for that reaſon, the more likely to be his: yet it may be juſtified by the uſage of other poets, as *Theobald* has obſerved. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, ſpeak of the power of *Fame*, as waking graves;

Wakens the ruin'd monument, and there
Where nothing but eternal death and ſleep is,
Informs again the dead bones.

And *Virgil* ſpeaking of *Rome*, as a city, ſays, It ſurrounded its ſeven hills with a wall.

Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una ſibi muro circundedit arces.

Great *Rome* became the miſtreſs of the world,
And ſingle with her walls ſeven hills inclos'd.

Trapp, G. 2. at the end.

But the reader will find, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, an expreſſion of *S's*, equally bold with this in queſtion. See p. 137. and n. 46.

The reader is deſired to turn back to the 234th page, *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

And

And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot (41)
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid,
(Weak maſters tho' ye be (42)) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove's* ſtout oak
With his own bolt; the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers, op'd and let them forth
By my ſo potent art.

Senſes returning.

The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin

(41) *With printleſs foot*, &c.] So *Milton* in his *Maſque*,

Whilſt from off the waters fleet,
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet. *St.*

(42) *Weak maſters tho' ye be.*] The meaning of this paſſage may be—"Though you are but inferior maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers—though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree." *Spenſer* uſes the ſame kind of expreſſion, B. 3. Cant. 8. St. 4.

Where ſhe [the witch] was wont her ſprights to entain
The maſters of her art. There was ſhe fain
To call them all in order to her aid. *St.*

Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon——
Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy.

Ariel's *Song.*

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſun-ſet (43) merrily;
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.
Proſ. I rather think
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

(43) *Sun-ſet.*] The whole of this beautiful ſong ſhews this to be the true reading; *Ariel* is ſpeaking of the pleaſures which he enjoys from his liberty, the place of his repoſe for the day, from the heat and fatigue of the ſun,—when he reſts among the bloſſoms—and at the time, when *fairies* and aërial ſprits are and ever have been ſuppoſed to enjoy their revels—after *ſunſet* he gaily travels about on the *back of the bat.*

General Obſervation.

Though the *Tempeſt* has much of the novel in it, no one has yet been able to meet with any ſuch novel as can be

be ſuppoſed to have furniſhed *S.* with materials for writing this play: the fable of which muſt therefore paſs entirely for his own production, till the contrary can be made appear by any future diſcovery. One of the poet's editors, after obſerving that the perſons of the drama are all *Italians*, and the unities all regularly obſerved in it (a cuſtom likewiſe of the *Italians*,) concludes his note with the mention of two of their plays——*Il Negromante di L. ARIOSTO*, and *Il Negromante Palliato di Gio. Angelo* PETRUCCI; one or other of which, he ſeems to think, may have given riſe to the *Tempeſt*: but he is miſtaken in both of them, and the laſt muſt needs be out of the queſtion, being later than *S's* time. *Capell.*

It is obſerved of the *Tempeſt*, ſays *J.*, that its plan is regular; and that *S.* has made it inſtrumental to the production of many characters, diverſified with boundleſs invention, and preſerved with profound ſkill in nature, extenſive knowledge of opinions, and accurate obſervation of life. In a ſingle drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and ſailors, all ſpeaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy ſpirits, and of an earthly goblin: the operations of magic, the tumults of a ſtorm, the adventures of a deſart iſland, the native effuſion of untaught affection, the puniſhment of guilt, and the final happineſs of the pair for whom our paſſions and reaſon are equally intereſted. *W.* obſerves that the two plays the *Tempeſt* and the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination of *S.* which ſoars above the bounds of nature without forſaking ſenſe, or more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. *Fletcher* ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*; but when he preſumes to break a lance with *S.* and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The Falſe One*, which is the rival of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle.*

The reader will find in the *Adventurer*, No. 93 and 97, an ingenious criticiſm on *The Tempeſt*. "A play," ſays Mrs. *Montague*, "which alone will prove our author to have had a fertile, a ſublime, and original genius." See the *Spectator*, Vol. VI. No. 419.

Twelfth

XII.

Twelfth Night, or What you will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Muſic and Love.

IF muſic be the food of love, play on;
Give me (1) exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken and ſo die.

That

(1) *Give me*, &c.] i. e. "Muſic being the food of love, let me have exceſs of it, that ſurfeiting therewith, the appetites which called for that food, may ſicken and entirely ceaſe." The reader will do well to obſerve the exact and beautiful propriety of the ſimile in the laſt lines. *Milton*, as Bp. *Newton* juſtly obſerves, undoubtedly took the following fine paſſage from this of *S.*

Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. *Par. Loſt*, B. 4. v. 156.

Though, he tells us, *Thyer* is of opinion, that *Milton* rather alluded to the following lines of *Arioſto's* deſcription of paradiſe, where ſpeaking of the *dolce aura*, he ſays,

E quella à i fiori, à i pomi, e à la verzura,
Gli odor diverſi depredando giva,
E di tutti faceræ una miſtura,
Che di ſuavità à l' alma notriva.
Orl. Fur. L. 34. ſ. 51.

"The two firſt of theſe lines expreſs the air's ſtealing of the native perfumes, and the two latter, that *vernal delight* which they give the mind. Beſides, it may be further obſerved, that this expreſſion of the air's ſtealing and diſperſ-

That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall!
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough! no more—
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even

ing the ſweets of flowers, is very common in the beſt *Italian* poets." It may be, *S.* took the thought from them himſelf; for he was no leſs converſant in the works of the *Italian* poets than *Milton*. *W.* obſerves, that amongſt the beauties of this charming ſimilitude, its exact propriety is not the leaſt. For as the ſouth wind, while blowing over a violet bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the ſame time, communicates its own ſweetneſs to it. So the ſoft affecting muſic here deſcribed, though it takes away the natural, ſweet, tranquility of the mind, yet at the ſame time it communicates a new pleaſure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of muſic, where the ſame ſtrains have the power to excite pain or pleaſure, as the ſtate is in which it finds the hearer. Hence *Milton* makes the ſelf-ſame ſtrains of *Orpheus* proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, juſt as the mind is then diſpoſed. If to mirth, he calls for ſuch muſic,

That *Orpheus'* ſelf may heave his head,
From golden ſlumbers on a bed
Of heapt *Elyſian* flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd *Euridice*. *L' Allegro.*

If to melancholy,

Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek;
And made hell grant what love did ſeek.
Il Penſeroſo.

Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical. (2)

Love, in reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart, (3)
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

(4) O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath

(2) *High fantaſtical*] Means no more, ſays *St.* than *fantaſtical to the height*. *W.* propoſes *hight*, i. e. called fantaſtical.

(3) *Into a hart.*] The duke makes this ſpeech on being aſked, *If he would go hunt the hart?* And he alludes to the ſtory of *Acteon*, by which *S.* ſeems to think men cautioned againſt too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. *Acteon*, who ſaw *Diana* naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, repreſents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with inceſſant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir *Francis Bacon*, who in his *Wiſdom of the Ancients*, ſuppoſes this ſtory to warn us againſt enquiring into the ſecrets of princes, by ſhewing, that thoſe who know that which for reaſons of ſtate is to be concealed, will be detected and deſtroyed by their own ſervants. *J.*

(4) ——*Hic parvæ conſuetudinis*
Cauſâ, hujus mortem fert tam familiariter:
Quid ſi ipſe amâſſet? Quid mihi hic facit patri?
— Ter. And. A. 1. v. 83.

"He on account of a ſmall acquaintance only, lays her death very much to heart: what, if he had been in love with her? What will he do, when I his father am dead?"

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones, are (5) all ſupply'd, and fill'd
(Her ſweet perfections) with one ſelf-ſame king!

SCENE II. *Deſcription of* Sebaſtian's *Eſcape.*

———I (6) ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Actions of the Great always talked of.

You know
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of.

Outward

(5) *Are all,* &c.] Perhaps this ſhould be read,

——Are all ſupply'd, and fill'd
Her ſweet perfections with one, *&c.*

i. e. "when liver, *&c.* thoſe ſovereign thrones, are all ſupplied, and her ſweet perfections filled with," &c. the verbs belonging to each noun being applicable to all. *S's* diſtinction (Mrs. *G.* obſerves) of the *three thrones,* is admirable: theſe are truly the ſeats of the three affections of love; the *heart* for paſſion, the *mind* for eſteem, and the *liver* for jealouſy: if *Horace's* anatomy is to be credited:

Difficile bile tumet Jecur.

(6) *I,* &c.] Compare this with a ſimilar paſſage in the *Tempeſt,* Act 2. and another in *Julius Cæſar,* Act 1. which will ſerve to ſhew *S's* fertility and extent of genius on the ſame ſubject.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.

SCENE III. *Care an Enemy to Life.*

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Sir Toby's *Recommendation of* Ague-Cheek.

Sir Toby. He plays o' the viol-de-gambo, (7) and ſpeaks three or four different languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

SCENE

(7) *He plays o' the viol-de-gambo.*] The *viol-de-gambo* ſeems in our author's time, to have been a very faſhionable inſtrument. In *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, it is mentioned with its proper derivation.

Her *viol-de-gambo* is her beſt content,
For *'twixt her legs* ſhe holds her inſtrument.

See *Steevens*. The reader will find much more in this humorous ſcene reſpecting Sir *Andrew*: he ſays of himſelf,

"Methinks ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit."

Sir *Toby* ſays,

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
Sir Andrew. Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir Toby. Why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk ſhould be

SCENE IV. *A beautiful Boy.*

Dear lad, (8) believe it;
For they ſhall yet bely thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man; *Diana's* lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is

be a jig: I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace. What doſt thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in?"

(8) *Dear lad*, &c.] Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?

Thy brows and cheeks are ſmooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care ſeeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelf caves to abide in them.

Philaſter, Act 2.

The lady, in *Comus*, ſpeaking of her brothers, ſays,

Their unrazor'd lips were ſmooth as *Hebe's*.

When *Comus*, telling her he had ſeen 'em, goes on moſt beautifully,

Their port was more than human, as they ſtood,
I took it for a fairy viſion,
Or ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

Spenſer, deſcribing an angel, B. 2. c. 8. ſ. 5. ſpeaks of him thus;

Beſides his head there ſat a fair young man,
Of wond'rous beauty and of freſheſt years,
Whoſe tender bud to bloſſom new began,
And flouriſh fair above his equal peers:
His ſnowy front curled with golden hairs,
Like *Phœbus'* face adorn'd with ſunny rays,
Divinely ſhone; and two ſharp winged ſhears
Decked with diverſe plumes, like painted jays,
Were fixed at his back to cut his airy ways.

The reader, if he thinks proper, may be agreeably amuſed by comparing this with *Milton's* celebrated deſcription of *Raphael*, B. 5. v. 277.

Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill and ſound,
And all is (9) ſemblative—a woman's part.

SCENE V. *Beauty.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand lay'd on.
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you would lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My lord and maſter loves you! O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Reſolved Love.

Oliv. ——Why, what wou'd you do?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,

And

(9) *And all is*, &c.] In Act 3. *Olivia* ſays,

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

All is ſemblative—a woman's part, means, ſays *J.*, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's.—Women were then perſonated by boys.

And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate (10) hills,
And make the babbling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhou'd (11) pity me.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Diſguiſe.

Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy (12) does much.

How

(10) *Reverberate.*] i. e. Cauſing it to be driven back again. The adjective paſſive uſed actively. *Upton.*

(11) *But you ſhould,* &c.] In a former ſcene, the duke orders *Ceſario,*

> Good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her:
> Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
> And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
> Till thou have audience.

(12) *Pregnant enemy*] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. *J.* who obſerves that the next lines are obſcure. The meaning is, ſays he, "*How eaſy is diſguiſe to women!* how eaſily does *their own falſehood,* contained in their *waxen* changeable *hearts,* enable them to aſſume deceitful appearances!" The two next lines are perhaps tranſpoſed, and ſhould be read thus,

> For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be
> Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we.

I am not certain that this explanation is juſt, ſays *St. Viola* has been condemning thoſe who diſguiſe themſelves, becauſe *Olivia* had fallen in love with a ſpecious appearance. How eaſy is it, ſhe adds, for thoſe who are at once proper, i. e. fair in appearance, and falſe, i. e. *deceitful,* to make an impreſſion on the hearts of women? The *proper falſe* is certainly a leſs elegant expreſſion than the *fair deceiver,* but ſeems to mean the ſame thing. A *proper man,* was the ancient phraſe for a *handſome man.* The

proper

How eaſy is it, for the proper falſe
In womens' waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cauſe, not we;
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be.

SCENE IV. *Serious Muſic moſt agreeable to Lovers.*

Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night:
Methought it did relieve my paſſion much;

More

proper falſe may yet be explained another way. *S.* generally uſes *proper* for *peculiar*. So in *Othello*,

In my defunct and *proper* ſatisfaction.

The *proper falſe* will then mean thoſe who are peculiarly falſe, either through premeditation or art. To *ſet their forms*, means to plant their images, i. e. to make an impreſſion on their eaſy minds. The ingenious and learned author of *Conſiderations and Conjectures upon ſome Paſſages in Shakeſpear*, printed at *Oxford* 1766, concurs in the firſt ſuppoſition, and adds—"Inſtead of tranſpoſing theſe lines according to Dr. *Johnſon's* conjecture, I am rather inclin'd to read the latter thus,

For ſuch as we are made OF, ſuch we be."

So in the *Tempeſt*,

——We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are *made of*.

Olivia in this paſſage ſpeaks in the uſual manner of all infatuated perſons; who are apt to make the fates anſwerable for thoſe follies or vices, which they have not ſenſe or virtue enough to extricate themſelves from, by their own exertions. She makes the ſame idle apology for herſelf at the cloſe of the firſt act.

Fate, ſhew thy force, ourſelves we do not owe,
What is decreed muſt be—and be this ſo!

See Mrs. *G.*—*Owe* is for *own*.

More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. (13) Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How doſt thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

In Love, the Woman ſhould be youngeſt.

Too old by heav'n! let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn, (14)
Than womens' are.

Vio.

(13) See *As you like it*, p. 55, and note.

(14) *And worn.*] I ſee no reaſon why we ſhould not read *won*, which is a more uſual and natural expreſſion. There appears at firſt view, ſomething abſurd in the character of the duke, who ſpeaks this ſpeech, that immediately after (though here he owns, womens' paſſions are more ſtrong and true than mens'), he ſhould tell us—(ſpeaking of his own love)

There is no woman's ſides, *&c.* See the text.

To which, after the fine ſpeech

She never told her love, *&c.*

Viola adds,

Was not this love indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more; but, indeed,
Our

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes; whoſe fair flower
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain,
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids (15) that weave their thread with bones
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Our ſhews are more than will: for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

But though this may ſeem a contradiction and an overſight in the character, to me it rather appears a ſtriking inſtance of *S's* knowledge of human nature: for however we may give advice to others in matters where the heart is nearly concerned, we ſoon find, when we feel ourſelves, things very different to what they appeared in ſpeculation to us.

Facile omnes cum valemus recta conſilia ægrotis damus.
Ter.

See *S's* fine ſpeech on *Counſel of no Weight in Miſery*—— *Much ado about Nothing*, Vol. I. p. 258. *Ovid* aſſures us, woman's love is far ſtronger than man's;

Excuſe my paſſion, if it ſoar above
Your thought: no man can judge of woman's love.
Hero to Leander.

(15) *Free maids.*] i. e. vacant, unengaged, eaſy in mind. *Silly ſooth*, means plain, ſimple truth. *Dallies*, means plays harmleſsly. And *the old age* is the ages paſt, the times of ſimplicity. *J.* and *St.*

Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath:
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid;
My ſhroud of white ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part (16) of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet,
My poor corps where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand, thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

SCENE VI. *Concealed Love.*

Duke. There is no woman's ſides,
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.

In

(16) *My part.*] i. e. Though death is a part in which every one acts his *ſhare*, yet of all thoſe actors no one is *ſo true as I.* *J.*

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip.

Duke. And what 's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my lord: (17) She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek; ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SCENE

(17) *Theobald* obſerves, on the fine image in the text, that it is not impoſſible but our author might originally have borrowed it from *Chaucer*, in his *Aſſembly of Fowles*.

And her beſidis wonder diſcretlie,
Dame *Pacience yſittinge* there I fonde,
With *facè pale* upon an *hill* of *ſonde*.

There cannot, perhaps, be any thing finer than this image of *S.*, nor can concealed paſſion be better deſcribed: however *Maſſinger*, in his *Unnatural Combat*, Act 2. Sc. 1. has given us a noble paſſage, expreſſing concealed reſentment, which well deſerves remarking;

I have ſat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a ſyllable exchang'd between us;
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief,
And melancholy at that inſtant would
Choke up his vital ſpirits: and now and then
A tear or two, as in deriſion of
The roughneſs of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up.
And laying then his hand upon his ſword,
He'd murmur: but yet ſo as I oft heard him,
"We ſhall meet, cruel father, yes we ſhall,
When I'll exact for every womaniſh drop
Of ſorrow from theſe eyes, a ſtrict account
Of much more from thy hear——t."

SCENE V. *Vanity.*

O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Affectation in Speech.

My lady is within, Sir. I will conſter to them whence you are come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn.

A Jeſter.

This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit.
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, (18) check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art;
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit:
But wiſe-mens' folly fall'n, (19) quite taints their wit.

Flattery

(18) *Like the haggard.*] The *haggard* is *the unreclaimed hawk*, who flies after every bird without diſtinction. *St.*

The meaning may be, that he muſt catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk ſtrikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly,

Not *like the haggard.*

He muſt chooſe perſons and times, and obſerve tempers: he muſt fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the *haggard*, to ſeize all that comes in his way. *J.*

(19) *Wiſe mens' folly-fall'n*, &c.] "The ſenſe is," ſays the author of the *Reviſal*, "wiſe mens' folly when once it is fallen into extravagance, overpowers their diſcretion."

I ex-

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My ſervant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was called compliment.

SCENE III. *Unſought Love.*

Ceſario, (20) by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe;

But

I explain it thus, ſays *J.* "The folly, which he ſhews, with proper adaptation to perſons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no cenſure; but the folly of wiſe men, when it *falls* or *happens*, *taints their wit*, deſtroys the reputation of their judgment." Sir *T. Hanmer* reads *folly ſhewn*. Quære, might we not read,

Wiſe men, folly-fall'n, quite? &c.

(20) *Ceſario*, &c.] This is almoſt like the pretty invitation in *Virgil's* paſtorals;

Huc ades, O formoſe puer, &c.

Come hither, beauteous boy; behold, the nymphs
To thee freſh lillies in full baſkets bring:
For thee, &c. See *Eclogue* II.

In another place ſhe ſays,

——But would you undertake another ſuit,
I had rather hear you ſolicit that,
Than muſic from the ſpheres.

And again,

To one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn: a cypreſs, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart.

Your *receiving* means your *ready approbation.*

But rather reaſon thus with reaſon's fetter;
Love ſought is good; but giv'n unſought is better.

Eſtimation of Valour with Women.

Aſſure thyſelf, there is no love broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Challenge.

Go, write it in a martial hand; (21) be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt (22) him with the licence of

(21) *Write it in a martial hand.*] When Sir *Andrew* brings the challenge—"Here's the challenge," ſays he; "read it: I warrant there's *vinegar and pepper in't.*" *Martial hand* ſeems to be a careleſs ſcrawl, ſuch as ſhewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curſt*, is petulant, crabbed—a curſt cur, is a dog that with little provocation ſnarls and bites. *J.*

(22) *Taunt*, &c.] There is no doubt, I think, but this paſſage is one of thoſe, in which our author intended to ſhew his reſpect for Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and a deteſtation of the virulence of his proſecutors. The words quoted, ſeem to me directly levelled at the attorney general *Coke*, who, in the trial of Sir *Walter*, attacked him with all the following indecent expreſſions:—"*All that he did was by thy inſtigation*, thou *viper*; *for I* thou *thee* thou *traytor.*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thous.) "*You are an odious man.——Is he baſe? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.——O damnable atheiſt!——Thou art a monſter.—Thou haſt an* Engliſh *face, but a* Spaniſh *heart.—Thou haſt a* Spaniſh *heart, and thyſelf art a ſpider of hell.——Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'ſt traitor that ever came at a bar,*" &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet ſatirically preſcribes to Sir *Andrew's* ink? And how mean an opinion *S.* had of theſe petulent invectives, is pretty evident from his cloſe of this ſpeech; *Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou*

of ink: if thou *thou'ſt* him thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lye on thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet was big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a gooſe pen, no matter: about it.

SCENE IV. *Bullying, its Advantages.*

Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſee'ſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is 't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity

thou write it with a gooſe pen, no matter. A keener laſh at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the priſoner, as a ſuppoſed traitor. *Theobald.*

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But. O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou haſt, (23) *Sebaſtion*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'er flouriſh'd by the devil.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Money purchaſes the Praiſe of Fools.

Theſe wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report, after fourteen years (24) purchaſe.

SCENE II. *Diſſimulation in a religious Habit.*

Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent;

(23) *Thou haſt*, &c.] Similar to this, is a paſſage from a modern dramatic poem, called *Socrates*.

"Beauty and virtue are the ſame,
They differ only in the name.
What to the ſoul is pure and bright
Is beauty in a moral light;
And what to ſenſe does charms convey,
Is beauty in the natural way.
Each from one ſource its eſſence draws,
And both conform to nature's laws."

(24) *After fourteen years*, &c.] This ſeems to carry a piece of ſatire on the *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years. The petition being referred to a committee, it was ſuſpected that money gained favourable reports from thence. *Warburton.*

ſtudent; but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly as to ſay, a graceful man (25) and a great ſcholar.

Satire on Time-ſerving Worldlings.

Fie, thou diſhoneſt *Sathan!* I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms: for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Advantage to be gained by Foes.

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs; ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſions to be (26) as kiſſes if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Ignorance

(25) *Graceful man.*] This is commonly read *careful man.* But *St.* obſerves, that it refers to what went before, *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent*; it is plain then that *S.* wrote *as to ſay a GRACEFUL man*, i. e. comely.

(26) *Concluſions to be*, &c.] *W.* would read this, *ſo that concluſion to be aſk'd* but *J.* is for retaining the preſent reading, the meaning of which, ſays he, is, "the concluſion follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by *kiſſing* and embracing, coaleſce into one, and make an affirmative. What the *four* negatives are I do not know. I read, *So that concluſions be as kiſſes.* One cannot but

Ignorance of ourſelves :—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure pavin;(27) I hate a drunken rogue.

wonder, ſays *Farmer*, that this paſſage ſhould have perplexed the commentators. In *Marloe's Luſt's Dominion*, the *Queen* ſays to the *Moor*,

——"Come let's kiſſe."

Moor. "Away, away."

Queen. "No, no, ſays I; and *twice away*, ſays *ſtay*."

Sir *Philip Sedley* has enlarged upon this thought in the ſixty-third ſtanza of *Aſtrophel and Stella*.

(27) *Paſt-meaſure pavin.*] This is the reading of the old copy; and probably right, being an alluſion to the quick meaſure of the *pavin*, a dance in *S's* time.

A *paſſy meaſure pavin* may perhaps mean a *pavin danced out of time*. Sir *Toby* might call him by this title, becauſe he was drunk *at a time when he ſhould have been ſober*, and in a condition to attend on the wounded knight. Such however is the reading of the old copy, though the *v* in *pavin* being reverſed, the modern editors have been content to read,

——*And a paſt meaſure painim.*

It is a fine ſtroke of nature to make the drunken Sir *Toby* rail at drunkenneſs.

Occaſional Obſervations.

One of BELLFOREST's novels is thus entitled :—"*Comme une fille Romaine ſe veſtant en page ſerviſt long temps un ſien amy ſans eſtre cogneue, at depius l' eut a mary avec autres divers diſcours : Hiſtoires tragiques*; Tom. 4. Hiſt. 7." This novel, which is itſelf taken from one of BANDELLO's (v. Tom. 2. Nov. 36) is, to all appearance the foundation of the ſerious part of *Twelfth Night*, and muſt be ſo accounted; till ſome *Engliſh* novel appears, built (perhaps) upon that *French* one, but approaching nearer to *S's* comedy. Says *Capell*,

This

This play is in the graver part elegant and eaſy, and in ſome of the lighter ſcenes exquiſitely humorous. *Ague-Cheek* is drawn with much propriety, but his character is, in a great meaſure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a ſatiriſt. The ſoliloquy of *Malvolio** is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the ſucceeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the ſtage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper inſtruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no juſt picture of life. *J.*

* See Act 2.

XII.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs: (1)
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adieu!
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

The

(1) *With ſhapeleſs idleneſs.*] The expreſſion is fine, as implying, that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. *W.*

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly (2) bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Love commended and diſpraiſed.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, e'er it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more:
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought,
Made wit (3) with muſing weak, heart-ſick with thought.

SCENE

(2) *However but a folly.*] "This love will end in a *fooliſh action*, to produce which you are wrong to ſpend your *wit*; or it will end in the loſs of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love." *J.*

(3) *Made wit*, &c.] For *made* read *make*. "Thou *Julia*, haſt *made* me war with good counſel, and *make* wit weak with muſing." *J.*

SCENE II. *Love froward and diſſembling.*

Maids, in modeſty, ſay No, to that
Which they would have the proff'rer conſtrue, Ay.
Fy, fy; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!

SCENE III. *The Advantages of Travel.*

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some to diſcover iſlands (4) far away;
Some to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus*, your ſon, was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:

Experience

(4) *Some to diſcover iſlands.*] In *S's* time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of *America* were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in *England*, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the *Forteſcues*, *Collitons*, *Thornhills*, *Farmers*, *Pickerings*, *Littletons*, *Willoughbys*, *Cheſters*, *Hawleys*, *Bromleys*, and others. To this prevailing faſhion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. *Warburton.*

Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And (5) perfected by the ſwift courſe of time.

Love compared to an April *Day.*

Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth (6)
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
Which now ſhows all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

ACT II. SCENE I.

A comical Deſcription of a Man in Love.

Marry, (7) by theſe ſpecial marks; firſt, you have learn'd like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a malecontent; to reliſh a love-ſong like a Robin red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy, that had loſt his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grand-dam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. (8) You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly,

(5) *And*, &c.] *Antonio* ſays in the next ſpeech, that at the *Emperor's court*,

He will practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

(6) *Reſembleth.*] The reader will obſerve, that *S.* very often, in this kind of poetry eſpecially, reads the laſt ſyllable as if it were two—reſem*beleth*.

(7) *Marry*, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 5. Sc. 2. and n.

(8) *Hallowmaſs.*] That is, about the feaſt of *All Saints*, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes leſs comfortable. *J.*

ſadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

SCENE III. Launce (9) *leading a Dog.*

Nay 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think *Crab* my dog be the ſoureſt natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear; he is a ſtone, a very pebble ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting.

SCENE IV. *An accompliſhed young Gentleman.*

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love puniſhed.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high, (10) imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With

(9) *Launce*, &c.] The reader is referred to the remainder of the ſpeech, and to Act 4. Sc. 4. for more of a ſimilar nature.

(10) *Whoſe high.*] For *whoſe* I would read *thoſe*. "I have contemned love, and am puniſhed;—thoſe high thoughts by

With bitter faſts, with penitential groans ;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love 's a mighty lord ;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There

by which I exalted myſelf above human paſſions or frail, ties, have brought upon me faſts and groans." *J. Ovid* ſays in the epiſtle of *Phædra to Hippolitus*,

Quicquid amor juſſit, non eſt contemnere tutum :
Regnat, & in ſuperos jus habet ille deos.

'Tis dangerous to contemn the pow'r of love,
He rules o'er all things, and is king above.
Otway.

And the old ſhepherd, in *Paſtor Fido*, obſerves,

Vuol una volta amer amor ne' cuori noſtri
Moſtrar quant' egli vale.

——Love will be ſure before
We die, to make us all once feel his pow'r.
Fanſhaw.

In the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, the chorus ſings thus to the honour of love ;

Ερως ανικατε μαχαν, &c.

God of love, whoſe boundleſs ſway
All created things obey :
You in the yielding fair ones eye
Or on her ſoft and damaſk cheek,
Lull'd to repoſe ſecurely lie ;
Or o'er the wild waves lightly fly,
Thy vengeance, on ſuch as contemn thee, to wreak,
On downy pinions through the air
Bird-like, you cut your pathleſs way :
The gods themſelves you do not ſpare :
Then how ſhould ever mortal dare
Ev'n hope that he ſhall not obey ?
All once the pleaſing pain muſt prove,
The fond emotions of diſtracting love.

There is no woe (11) to his correction:
Nor to his ſervice no ſuch joy on earth.
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praiſe.

——Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world; why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

Now (12) my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.

SCENE

(11) *No woe to his*, &c.] "No miſery which *can be compared to* the puniſhment inflicted by love." *Herbert* called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, ſaying, *None* to *them*, *none* to *them*. *J.*

(12) *Now*, &c.] Almoſt the ſame ſimile is applied to life departing, in *King John*;

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, e'en as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire.

Ovid,

SCENE VI. *Unheedful Vows to be broken.*

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

SCENE VII. *Oppoſition to Love increaſes it.*

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus.*
Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make return.
Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſouls food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Did'ſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoſes,* uſes the ſame ſimile;

Sed ut intabeſcere flavæ,
Igne levi ceræ, matutinæve pruinæ, &c.

As wax againſt the fire diſſolves away——
Or as the morning ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun. *&c.*
Addiſon.

So *Spencer,*

Yet ſtill he waſted as the ſnow congeal'd,
When the bright ſun his beams thereon doth beat.
B. 3. C. 4. S. 49.

which poſſibly he borrowed from *Taſſo, Gieru.* Lib. 6. 20. S. 136.

——As againſt the warmth of *Titan*'s fire
Snow-drifts conſume on tops of mountains tall.

See Act 3. Sc. 5.

But qualify the fire's extremeſt rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon,
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up the more it burns:
The current (13) that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with th' enamel'd ſtones;
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.

A faithful and conſtant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

ACT

(13) *The current*, &c.] So, in *Paſtor Fido*, *Ergaſto* tells *Mirtillo*, nothing augments love more than ſuppreſſing and confining it,

Mirtillo amor, &c. Act 1. Sc. 2.

Mirtillo, love's a mighty pain at beſt,
But more, by how much more it is ſuppreſt:
For as hot ſteeds run faſter at the check,
Than if you laid the reins upon their neck;
So love reſtrain'd augments, and fiercer grows
In a cloſe priſon, than when looſe he goes.
Sir *R. Fanſhaw*.

And in a fragment of *Euripides*, it is obſerved,

Τοιαυτ' αλυει νεθετημενος γ' ερως.

Love rages more, the more it is ſuppreſt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win (14) her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſwear they have angels' faces:
That man who hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue, he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's Baniſhment.

(15) And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſhed from myſelf,

And

(14) *Win*, &c.] We are told, and that very beautifully, gifts are of no avail, and by no means regarded in true love. *Winter's Tale*, Act 4.

(15) See *Romeo* and *Juliet*, Act 3. In the 2d Act, and 3d Scene of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, *Arcite* ſpeaks thus;

Baniſh'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I muſt thank 'em for: but baniſh'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a ſtudied puniſhment; a death
Beyond imagination; ſuch a vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Cou'd never pluck upon me. *Palamon*,
Thou haſt the ſtart now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainſt the window,
And let in life unto thee: thou ſhalt feed
Upon the ſweetneſs of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er ſhall:
Good gods—what happineſs has *Palamon!*
Twenty to one, he'll come to ſpeak to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's fair,

I know

And *Silvia* is myſelf; baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſic in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.

A beautiful Perſon petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay, (16) and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire.

Hope.

Hope (17) is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that;
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.

Slowneſs

I know ſhe's his: he has a tongue will tame
Tempeſts, and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come, what can come,—
The worſt is death——I will not leave the kingdom;
I'll ſee her, and be near her, or no more.

(16) *Ay, ay,* &c.] This contradicts that fine paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 1.

(17) *Hope,* &c.] See page 132, and n.

Slowneſs in Words, Woman's Virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.
Laun. O villain! that ſet down among her vices! To be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue; I pray thee out with it; and place it for her chief virtue.

SCENE II. *Love compared to a Figure on Ice.*

This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched (18) in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, aud poor deſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance (19) be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart;
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity;
For *Orpheus'* lute (20) was ſtrung with poet's ſinews,
Whoſe

(18) *Trenched.*] i. e. *cut*, or carved, from the *French trancher* to cut.

(19) *With circumſtance.*] i. e. with the addition of ſuch incidental particulars, as may induce belief. *J.*

(20) *For Orpheus' lute*, &c.] This ſhows *S's* knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns *Orpheus* his true character of

Whoſe golden touch cou'd ſoften ſteel and ſtones;
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

Who is *Silvia?* what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe admired might be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives wtih kindneſs:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to *Silvia* let us ſing,
That *Silvia* is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Reſt.

Jul. And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

SCENE

of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a law-giver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute*, is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws*; and by the *poet's ſinews*, the power of numbers, which *Orpheus* actually employed in thoſe laws, to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. *W.* See alſo *Love's Labour loſt.* Act 4. Sc. 2

SCENE III. *True Love.*

Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou (21) vow'dſt pure chaſtity.

Beauty neglected and loſt.

But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd (22) the lily tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And (23) at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam,

(21) *Upon whoſe grave thou*, &c.] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chaſtity in honour of their deceaſed wives or huſbands. In *Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commiſſion by the biſhop of the dioceſe for taking a vow of chaſtity made by a widow. It ſeems that, beſides obſerving the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The ſame diſtinction we may ſuppoſe to have been made in reſpect of male votariſts; and therefore this circumſtance might inform the players how Sir *Eglamour* ſhould be dreſſed; and will account for *Silvia's* having choſen him as a perſon in whom ſhe could confide, without injury to her own character. *St.*

(22) *Pinch'd.*] The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be juſtly ſaid to *pinch*, when it produces the ſame viſible effect. I believe this is the reaſon why the cold is ſaid to *pinch*. *Cleopatra* ſays,

I that am with *Phœbus' pinches* black. *J.* and *St.*

(23) *And*, &c.] The ingenious *Seward*, one of the editors of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* works, obſerves upon theſe

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury and unjuſt flight:

Which

theſe lines of our author "that there is ſomething extremely tender, innocent, and delicate in them; but his authors *(Beaumont* and *Fletcher)* are far beyond this praiſe in their alluſion to the ſame ſtory. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Aſpatia* forſaken by her lover (like *Julia*, in this play) finds her maid *Antiphila* working a picture of *Ariadne*: and after ſeveral fine reflections upon *Theſeus*, ſays,

But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Aſp. Fie, you have miſs'd it here, *Antiphila*;
Theſe colours are not dull and pale enough
To ſhew a ſoul ſo full of miſery,
As this ſad lady's was: do it by me,
Do it again by me, the loſt *Aſpatia*,
And you ſhall find all true, but the wild iſland.
Suppoſe, I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that deſart, and let all about me,
Tell, that I am forſaken: do my face
(If thou had'ſt ever feeling of a ſorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila*: ſtrive to make me look
Like ſorrow's monument: and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafleſs: let the rocks
Groan with continual ſurges, and behind me
Make all a deſolation: ſee, ſee, wenches,
A miſerable life of this poor picture.

Whoever has ſeen either the original or print of *Guido's Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, will have the beſt *comment* on theſe lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughneſs of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafleſs trees, and in both ſhe looks like *Sorrow's monument*. So that exactly, *ut pictura poeſis*; and hard it is to ſay, whether our authors or *Guido* painted beſt."

Though no one, who reads this deſcription, but muſt acknowledge it extremely fine, yet I admire that the gentleman who quoted it as a paſſage ſuperior to that in the text, did not conſider, that they in reality would bear no compariſon: *S.* only juſts hints at the ſtory of *Theſeus* and *Ariadne*, and that not as in picture, but as acted; theſe

authors

Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept

authors draw the very picture, and give us all the circumſtances of it, which *S.* never once aims at; wherefore the paſſages can never with any propriety be compared with one another, ſo as to fix the ſuperiority of either: they are no more than different alluſions to the ſame ſtory; whoſe merits may both be great, but diſſimilar; as *Guido's* would have been had he painted the diſtreſſed king *Lear*; and *Garrick's*, when he repreſents to us thoſe diſtreſſes.

Seward reads the 7th line,

And you ſhall find all true—put 'm on th' wild iſland.

"Becauſe," ſhe ſays," ſhe tells her maid, *You' ll find all true except the wild iſland*, and inſtantly ſhe is upon the iſland." The wild iſland, therefore, in our imagination, is as true as the reſt. But it is plain by the text, *Aſpatia* wanted no part to be done over again, except that of the lady: ſhe tells her maid, "ſhe has failed in working *Ariadne*; that her colours were not dull and pale enough to expreſs that ſad lady's miſery; which ſhe bids her do by her miſtreſs, who was the *life* of that poor picture, and in whom ſhe would find all the diſtreſſes of *Ariadne* exactly true, and moſt really figured, except that part of it which concerns the wild iſland, where ſhe was left by *Theſeus*." *Aſpatia* indeed, was not on ſuch an iſland, but all her other diſtreſſes were like thoſe of *Ariadne*. "Suppoſe *that* then," ſays ſhe," imagine me ſtanding on the ſea-beach, mine arms extended thus, and my hair blown with the wind, wild as that deſart, and all let [looſe] about me, tell [ſufficiently and in reality declare] I am forſaken," *&c.* *Theobald* alters, *Tell I am forſaken*, to *Be teachers of my ſtory*: *let all about me* be teachers of my ſtory. The reader need not, I ſuppoſe, be told, how frequently, *let all about* ſignifies, *let looſe*, *diſheveled*, in *S.* and many other dramatic writers.—*Seward* propoſes to read the laſt line in the text,

If I in thought *feel* not her very ſorrow;

which, though an ingenious criticiſm, I cannot think quite agreeable to the text. *Julia* obſerves,—ſhe acted the part ſo lively with her tears, that her miſtreſs wept bitterly; nay,

Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

ACT V. SCENE III.

Women ſacred even to Banditti.

Fear not, he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman (24) lawleſsly.

A Lover

nay, ſhe adds, I would I might be dead, If I *did not* really and truly (and not in diſſimulation only) feel all her ſorrow, and actually then ſuffer all her miſeries. I cannot think the author would have written—*wou'd I might be dead*——had he written, If I *feel* not. I hope that gentleman, who ſhows ſo grea. candor and good-nature through all his criticiſms, will excuſe my differing from him, and expreſſing my ſentiments ſo freely; a duty, which I think, his authors demand, truth will juſtify, and good ſenſe approve. Let me conclude this long note with *Ariadne's* own deſcription of herſelf, in her epiſtle to *Theſeus*;

> You cannot ſee, yet think you ſaw me now,
> Fix'd to ſome rock, as if I there did grow,
> And trembling at the waves which roll below.
> Look on my torn and my diſorder'd hairs,
> Look on my robe, wet through with ſhow'rs of tears;
> With the cold blaſts ſee my whole body ſhakes,
> And my numm'd hand unequal letters makes.
>
> *Ovid's Epiſtles.*

(24) *Will not uſe a woman, &c.*] *Valentine* makes it one of his terms, on becoming their captain,—that they do no outrages on ſilly women or poor paſſengers. Act 4. Sc. 1. See the laſt paſſage in this play,——They ſay of themſelves,

> ——Some of us are gentlemen,
> Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
> Thruſt from the company of lawful men.

A Lover in Solitude.

How uſe doth (25) breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O, thou (26) that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.

Love unreturned.

What (27) dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Wou'd I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh,

(25) *How uſe doth*, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 1.

Now my co-mates, *&c.*

(26) *O thou*, &c.] *St.* obſerves very truly, that it is ſcarce poſſible to point out four lines in any of our author's plays, more remarkable for eaſe and elegance than this and the three following.

(27) *What*, &c.] *Ovid* tells us, love is ever daring, and bold to undertake any thing.

Et nihil eſt quod non effræno captus amore
Auſit.——

What dang'rous action wou'd he not attempt,
Whom love's wild paſſion rules?

As does *Seneca* in his *Medea*:

Amor timere neminem verus poteſt.

True love can never fear.

Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love when they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me; now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive: thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus*,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt.
Pro. My ſhame, and guilt, confounds me:
Forgive me, *Valentine:* if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.——
(28) Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconſtancy in Man.

Oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now by the honour (29) of my anceſtry,
I do

(28) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 2. Sc. 7.
(29) *Now by the honour*, &c.] What ſtrikes me particularly,

I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe.—Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Sylvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

Theſe baniſhed men,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

cularly, ſays Mrs. *G.*, in this ſpeech, is the gallant duke's aſſeveration, in that truly noble expreſſion,

Now, *by the honour of my anceſtry.*

It was this generous, ſpirited idea that continued down the race of heroes among us, *while they did exiſt*; and were the profeſſion of heraldry never to be conſidered in any other light, than as a record of mens' worth, *not titles*, it would then both become a political and liberal ſcience. Honours, as *Selden* ſays, ſhould be *native* only, and not *dative*: derived from *merits*, not from *gifts*. Our author, in the *Winter's Tale*, has a paſſage to this purpoſe:

As you are certain gentlemen; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle,—I beſeech you, *&c.*

General Obſervation.

Julia's love-adventures being in ſome reſpects the ſame with thoſe of *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, the ſame novel might give riſe to them both; and *Valentine's* falling amongſt out-laws, and becoming their captain, is an incident that has ſome reſemblance to one in the *Arcadia* (book 1, chap. 6.) where *Pyrocles* heads the *Helots*: all the other

circumſtances which conſtitute the fable of this play, are, probably, of the poet's own invention. *Capell.*

Mrs. *Lenox* thinks, that the ſtory of *Protheus* and *Julia* might have been taken from a ſimilar one in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*. "By the internal marks of a compoſition, ſays *J.* we may diſcover the author with probability, though ſeldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the ſerious and ludicrous ſcenes, the language and ſentiments of *S.* It is not indeed one of his moſt powerful effuſions; it has neither many diverſities of character, nor ſtriking delineations of life, but it abounds in γνωμαι beyond moſt of his plays, and few have more lines or paſſages, which, ſingly conſidered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very ſucceſsful, and ſuſpect that it has eſcaped corruption, only becauſe being ſeldom played, it was leſs expoſed to the hazards of tranſcription." He obſerves further, "In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt."

"That it is rightly attributed to *S.* I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that *S.* might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt."

XIV.

The Winter's Tale.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Friendſhip between Kings.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*. They were trained together in their childhood, and there rooted betwixt them ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heavens continue their loves!—

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it.

Delay of Death always wiſhed.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, (1) makes old hearts freſh: they that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch.

(1) *Phyſicks the ſubject.*] Affords a cordial to the ſtate; has the power of aſſuaging the ſenſe of miſery. *J.*

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II. *Youthful Friendſhip and Innocence.*

We were, (2) fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy-eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i' th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er had been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heav'n
Boldly, "not guilty;" the impoſition (3) clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praiſe, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praiſe, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-
leſs
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages: you may ride us
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre.

Nature.

(2) *We were,* &c.] See *Midſummer Night's Dream,* p. 226.

(3) *The impoſition,* &c.] By the impoſition *hereditary* ours, the author means original ſin, derived to us from our firſt parents, and by their offence entailed on us: which *cleared* or *ſet aſide,* they had no other crime (ſo innocent were their lives) to anſwer for; but would have appeared perfectly guiltleſs in the eye of heaven.

Nature.

How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs; and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms.

A Father's Fondneſs for his Child.

Leon. Are you ſo fond of your young prince as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all:
He makes a *July's* day ſhort as *December*;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof (4) the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of.

Jealouſy

(4) *Whereof*, &c.] i. e. "where the *execution*, the doing the thing, ſtood in balance againſt the *not doing* it. Where, conſidering its *performance*, I heſitated whether it would not be better omitted."

Jealouſy.

Is whiſpering (5) nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty;) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing (6) clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

King-killing deteſtable.

——To (7) do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And

(5) *Is whiſpering*, &c.] The reader is deſired to compare the other paſſages in this ſcene on the ſame topic. *Meeting*, in the next line, *Thirlby* would read *meting*, i. e. meaſuring.

(6) *Wiſhing*, &c.] *Theobald* and *Warburton* both print this paſſage,

Wiſhing clocks more ſwift,
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind, *&c.*

I think there need nothing be ſaid of the propriety of that in the text, which is from the folio. *S.* excels prodigiouſly on the ſubject of jealouſy, whenever he touches upon it; it may be an agreeable amuſement to the reader to compare him on this topic, and to find, how every where different, yet excellent he is.

(7) *To*, &c.] We find this ſentiment in ſeveral other parts of our author's writings, as well as in thoſe of his cotemporaries. See *Hamlet*, act 4, Sc. 6.

And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear it.

The Effects of Jealouſy.

This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonoured by a man, which ever
Profeſſed to him; why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Knowledge ſometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink, depart
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye; make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, (8) his ſides
With violent hefts.

Calumny.

Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech) and ſtraight
The

(8) *Gorge.*] i. e. Throat; from the *French*. *Hefts*, is the ſame as *heavings*. The reader will find a paſſage ſimilar to this in *Othello*, where that unhappy, deluded man, laments his knowledge of his wife's ſtolen hours of luſt; and obſerves,

He had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So he had nothing known, *&c.*

The ſhrug, the hum, or ha! theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe.—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itſelf:—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and haes,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do, not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

SCENE II. *Honeſty and Honour.*

Here's a do,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors!

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

SCENE III. *Affectionate Child.*

To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf,
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And downright languiſh'd.

Child

Child reſembling its Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, noſe, lip;
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the valley
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in 't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.

An Infant to be expoſed.

Come on, poor babe!
Some powerful ſpirits inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Hermione *pleading her Innocence.*

If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take ſpectators: for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince;—here ſtanding,

To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it (9)
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, (10) to appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my neareſt kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

A Wife's Loſs of all Things dear, and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Star'd moſt unluckily, (11) is from my breaſt,
The

(9) *Life, I prize it,* &c.] *Life* is to me only grief, and as ſuch is conſidered by me; I would therefore willingly *ſpare*, that is, let it go, or quit the poſſeſſion of it. *J.*

(10) *Have ſtrain'd.*] Mrs. *Ford* talks of ſome *ſtrain*, in her character; and in *B. and Fletcher's Cuſtom of the Country*, the ſame expreſſion occurs.

Strain your loves
With any baſe or hir'd perſuaſions. *St.*

(11) *Star'd moſt unluckily.*] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. *St.*

The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther. Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet, with unmodeſt hatred.
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion; laſtly, hurry'd
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit(12). Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die! Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;—no life;
I prize it not a ſtraw: but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Deſpair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore, betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter,
In ſtorm perpetual, cou'd not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

SCENE III. *An Account of a Ghoſts appearing in a Dream.*

(13) I've heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead

May

(12) *Strength of limit.*] I know not well how *ſtrength* of *limit* can mean "ſtrength to paſs the limits of the child-bed chamber," which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read in a more eaſy phraſe, *Strength of limb.* *J.*

(13) See *Paſtor Fido*, Act 1. Sc. 4. In the third Book of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, there is an elegant deſcription of *Pompey's*

May walk again: if ſuch things be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach

My

Pompey's firſt wife appearing to him in a dream: her name was *Julia*, *Cæſar's* daughter, after whoſe death, he married the celebrated *Cornelia*.

At length the weary chieftain ſunk to reſt,
And creeping ſlumbers ſooth'd his anxious breaſt.
When, lo! in that ſhort moment of repoſe,
His *Julia's* ſhade, a dreadful viſion, roſe.
Thro' gaping earth her ghaſtly head ſhe rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd:
Theſe civil wars, ſhe cry'd, my peace infeſt,
And drive me from the manſions of the bleſt:
Elyſium's happy fields no more I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian ſhades below:
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!
But thou haſt chang'd thy fortune with thy bed:
Death is the dow'r *Cornelia's* love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent lord's.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and ſea, thy labours know;
In all thy broken ſleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams ſad *Julia* ſhall appear:
Your loves ſhall find no moment for delight;
The day ſhall all be *Cæſar's*, mine the night.
Not the dull ſtream where long oblivions roll
Cou'd blot thee out, my huſband, from my ſoul:
The pow'rs beneath my conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow, whereſoe'er you rove:
Amidſt the joining battles will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind thee of thy plighted hand;
Nor think theſe ſacred ties no more remain,
The ſword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war ſhall make thee mine again,
The phantom ſpoke, and gliding from the place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd lord's embrace. *Rowe.*

My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts ; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. " Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia* ;
There weep, and leave it crying : and, (for (14) the babe
Is counted loſt for ever) *Perdita*,
I prythee, call it ; for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife *Paulina* more."——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber : dreams are toys :
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this.

An Infant expoſed.

——Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds : and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day!

Wildneſs

(14) *For*, &c.] I believe, I have before obſerved, that S. uſes this particle frequently in the ſenſe of *becauſe*: the expreſſion of *melting into air* is extremely fine, and uſed by our author in the *Tempeſt*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

Wildneſs of Youth between Thirteen and Twenty-three.

Shep. I would, there were no age between thirteen and three and-twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the "between" but getting wenches with child, wronging the auncientry, ſtealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but theſe boil'd brains, of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep; which I fear wolf will ſooner find than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browſing of ivy.

Deſcription of a Wreck, by a Clown.

I would (15) you did but ſee, how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore: but that's not to the point: oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee them, and not to ſee them: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice:—to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman:—but to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them:

(15) *I wou'd*, &c.] *S.* ſeems to have had that fine deſcription of a ſtorm at ſea in his eye, which we find in the cviith Pſalm. ver. 25. "For at his word the ſtormy wind ariſeth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their ſoul melteth away becauſe of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their diſtreſs. For he maketh the ſtorm to ceaſe, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill," &c.

them: and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea or weather.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Sheep-ſhearing Feaſt.

Clown. Let me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? Three pound ſugar; [*reading out of a note*] five pound of currans; rice—What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty noſegays for the ſhearers: three-man (16) ſong-men all, and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means, and baſes: but one puritan amongſt them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have ſaffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace; dates,—none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs ſeven; a raſe, or two of ginger—but that I may beg; four pound of pruins, and as many of raiſins o' the ſun.

Virtue ſtays not at Court.

Aut. I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay: there 's no virtue whipt out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

SCENE

(16) *Three-man*, &c.] i. e. Singers of catches in three parts: a *ſix-man-ſong* occurs in the *Turnament of Tottenham*. See *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol 2. p. 24. *Warden-pies*, mentioned ſoon after, are pies made of *warden* pears.

SCENE III. *Deities transformed for Love.*

The Gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſt: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Miſtreſs of the Sheep-ſhearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame, and ſervant; welcom'd all; ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table; now i' the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting. Pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to us, welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o' the feaſt: come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there 's roſemary and rue; theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:

Grace

Grace and remembrance (17) be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing.

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the faireſt flowers o' th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtic garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which in their piedneſs ſhares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, over that art,
Which you ſay adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentle ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.

A Garland

(17) *Grace and remembrance.*] *Rue* was called *Herb of Grace*; *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance: it was uſually carried at funerals: and anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory; for which purpoſe it is preſcribed in ſome old books of phyſic. *J.* and *St.*

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

Per. ——— I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I wou'd wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me——
There 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mint, ſavoury, marjoram,
The marygold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping; theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*
Wou'd blow you through and through; now my fairеſt friend,
I wou'd I had ſome flowers o' the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O, *Proſerpina*, (18)

For

(18) *O*, Proſerpina, *&c.*] *Milton* ſtrews the hearſe of his *Lycidas* with beautiful vernal flowers, not unlike thoſe the pretty *Perdita* wiſhes for the garland of her lover.

———Purple all the ground with vernal flower:
Bring the rathe primroſe, that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſie ſtreakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flow'r that ſad embroid'ry wears;

Bid

For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon! (19) early daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes, (20)
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, e'er they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength; (a malady
Moſt incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, theſe I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What like a corſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if; not to be bury'd,
But quick, and in mine arms.

A Lover's

Bid amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the laureat hearſe where *Lycid* lies.

The reader will find a paſſage, worth comparing with this of *S.* in *As you like it*, p. 27, the note.

See alſo *Ophelia's* diſtribution of flowers in *Hamlet*.

(19) *From Dis's waggon.*] So *Ovid*,

——Ut ſumma veſtem laxavit ab orâ,
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis. *St.*

(20) *Sweeter than the lids of* Juno's *eyes.*] I ſuſpect that our author miſtakes *Juno* for *Pallas*, who was the *goddeſs of blue eyes*. Sweeter than an *eye lid*, is an odd image: but perhaps he uſes *ſweet* in the general ſenſe, for *delightful*. *J.*

It was formerly the faſhion to kiſs the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderneſs. I have ſomewhere met with an account of the firſt reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is ſaid to have *kiſſed her fayre eyes*.

The eyes of *Juno* were as remarkable as thoſe of *Pallas*.

Βοωπις ποτνια Ηρη. *Homer.* *St.*

A Lover's Commendation.

What (21) you do,
Still betters what is done; when you ſpeak, (ſweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;
Pray, ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o' the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function: each your doing, (22)
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you 're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honeſt

(21) *What*, &c.] So, a little further, one of the company ſays,

> This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
> Ran on the green ſod: nothing ſhe does or ſeems,
> But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
> Too noble for this place.

And when it is ſaid afterwards, *She dances featly*—the old ſhepherd adds, *So ſhe does any thing.*

Ovid, that great maſter of love, well aſſured of the truth of this, that every thing done by the perſon we love is agreeable, thus makes his *Sappho* complain, in her epiſtle to *Phaon.*

> My muſic then you could for ever hear,
> And all my words were muſic to your ear:
> You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
> And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong:
> In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt,
> And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt:
> Then with each glance, each word, each motion fir'd,
> You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd. *Pope.*

(22) *Each your doing*, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. *J.*

Honeſt Wooing.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps ſo fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think you have
As little ſkill to fear, (23) as I have purpoſe
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:—
Your hands, my *Perdita:* ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True Love.

They call him, *Doricles*: he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding: (24) but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth. He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll ſtand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe,
Who loves another beſt.

Clown's

(23) *As little ſkill to fear.*] *To have ſkill* to do a thing, was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to *have reaſon to do* a thing. *W.* Theſe paſſages are in the true character of youth in the different ſexes: ſincerity on one ſide and confidence on the other. Deceit and diffidence are the fruits of *riper* or more *rotten* years. Mrs. *G.*

(24) *Worthy feeding.*] *W.* propoſes *breeding.* But *J.* conceives *feeding* to be a paſture, and a *worthy feeding* to be "a tract of paſturage, not inconſiderable, not unworthy my daughter's fortune."

Clown's Love of Ballads.

Clo. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Preſents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. ——How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth! when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedlar's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts ſhe looks from me are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometimes lov'd: I take thy hand: (25) this hand
As ſoft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

Tender

(25) *Thy hand*, &c.] So, *Troilus* ſpeaking of the hand of *Creſſida*, ſays;

——O that, her hand,
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge
More than was ever man's; I would not prize them
Without her love: for her employ them all;
Command them and condemn them to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

A Father the beſt Gueſt at his Son's Nuptials.

(26) Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his ſon, a gueſt,
That beſt becomes the table: pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? Is he not ſtupid
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he ſpeak, hear,
Know man from man, diſpute his own eſtate;
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childiſh?
Flo. No: he has health, and ampler ſtrength indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: reaſon, my ſon,
Shou'd chooſe himſelf a wife: but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe,
But fair poſterity) ſhou'd hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afraid: (27) for once or twice
I was

(26) See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Vol. I. p. 205.
(27) *I was not much afraid.*] The character is here finely

I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly
The (28) ſelf-ſame ſun that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. (29)——

Selfiſh old Man.

O, Sir,
You have undone a man of fourſcore three, (30)
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in the duſt.

Proſperity

finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed at the king's diſcovery of himſelf, had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the king, would not have become her education. *W.*

(28) *The*, &c.] This is plainly taken from St. *Matthew*, v. ver. 45. "He maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good, and ſendeth rain on the juſt and unjuſt." And *Horace*, ſpeaking of death, has the ſame thought;

Intruding death with equal freedom greets
The low-built hut, and ſtately gates
Of lofty palaces and royal ſeats. *Ode* 4. b. 1.

(29) *Looks on alike.*] i. e. Looks alike on the court and cottage.

(30) *You have undone a man of fourſcore three.*] Theſe ſentiments, which the poet has heightened by a ſtrain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker; whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of *Perdita*, and here ſupported by ſhowing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three*. *W.*

Proſperity the Bond, Affliction the Looſer of Love.

Proſperity's (31) the very bond of love.
Whoſe freſh complection and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Lying fit only for Tradeſmen.

Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for 't with ſtampt coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not (32) give us the lie.

A Courtier.

She. Are you a courtier, an't like you, Sir;
Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court in theſe enfoldings; hath not my gait in it the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs court contempt?

Self-

(31) *Proſperity's*, &c.] *Perdita*, in the following ſpeech, denies this;

One of theſe is true:
I think affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

And *Ovid* ſays,

Nam cum præſiteris verum mihi ſemper amorem,
Hic tamen adverſo tempore crevit amor.

True love to me indeed you ever bore,
But in adverſity ſtill lov'd me more.

(32) *Therefore they do not*, &c.] i. e. They are paid for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *ſell* it us. *J.*

Self-conceit.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are;
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clown's Idea of a Great Man.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

She. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble, in being fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant: I know by the picking (33) on's teeth.

* * * * * *

He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold, and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew him the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado.

* * * * * *

If he think fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Self-reproach, and too ſevere Reproof.

Cle. At the laſt
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evils;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo.

(33) *By the picking*, &c.] It ſeems, that to pick the teeth, was, at this time, a mark of ſome pretenſion to greatneſs or elegance. So the Baſtard in *King John*, ſpeaking of the traveller, ſays,

He and his *tooth-pick* at my worſhip's meſs. *J.*

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world;
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips,———

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

——This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Anguiſh

Anguiſh of Recollection for a loſt Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of; ſure
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.

Effects of Beauty.

The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here. (34)

SCENE II. *Wonder, proceeding from ſudden Joy.*

There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if the importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Tranſport of Joy and Wonder.

Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner, that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands: with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then aſks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter,

(34) See *Twelfth Night*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old ſhepherd; which ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter; which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

Ill Character renders real Deſert uſeleſs.

Now had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon to the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel; and I know not what; but he at that time over fond of the ſhepherd's daughter (ſo he then took her to be, who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing), this myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd, among my diſcredits.

Clown's new Gentility.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

She. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, called my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

She. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck; being in ſo prepoſterous a ſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

She. Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend my life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

She. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman! Let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

She. How, if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in behalf of his friend.

SCENE VII. *A Statue.*

What was he, that did make it! See, my lord,
Wou'd you not deem it breath'd, and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
The fixture (35) of her eyes has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
———Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath?——Let no man mock me;
For I will kiſs her.

Affliction

(35) *The fixture*, &c.] The meaning is, though the eye be fixed (as the eye of a ſtatue always is), yet it ſeems to have motion in it, that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavours to fix it. *Edwards.* There is an additional beauty in the expreſſion, from the *ſeeming ſtatue* being really a living perſon: *Ovid* has ſome lines on the ſtatue made by *Pygmalion*, which, though rather too *Ovidian*, have very great beauty in them;

Interea niveum mira feliciter arte, &c. *Metam.* lib. 10.

He

Affliction to a penitent Mind, pleaſing.

Pau. I am ſorry, Sir, I have thus ſtir'd you; but I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle, (36)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My

He carv'd in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
As nature cou'd not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work:———
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt the thing ador'd deſires:
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One wou'd have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd, but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft, *&c*,
See *Dryden's* Tranſlation.

Virgil has a fine expreſſion to denote the excellency of ſculpture;

Excudent alii ſpirantia *mollius æra*,
Credo equidem—vivos ducent de marmore vultus.
Æn. 6.

The word *ſpirantia* expreſſes the very breathing.

(36) *I, an old turtle.*] *Spenſer*, in his ſweet ſonnets, has a ſimile a good deal like this, and which, in my opinion, is not inferior to it;

Like as the culver on the *bared* bough
Sits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
And in her ſong ſends many a wiſhful vow
For his return, that ſeems to linger late:

My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.

So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
Mourn to myſelf the abſence of my love;
And wand'ring here and there all deſolate,
Seek, with my plaints, to match that mournful dove.

General Obſervation.

To the Story-book, or, "*Pleaſant Hiſtory* (as it is called) *of Doraſtus and Fawnea*," written by *Robert Greene*, M. A. we are indebted for *S's Winter's Tale*. *Greene* joined with Dr. *Lodge* in writing a play, called "*A Looking Glaſs for* London *and* England," printed in 1598, in quarto, and black letter; and many of his other works, which are very numerous, were publiſhed about that time, and this amongſt the reſt. It went through many impreſſions, all of the ſame form and letter as the play; and that ſo low down as the year 1664, of which year I have a copy, ſays *Capell*.

This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable country tale,

Our ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear*, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of a great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarcely inferior to any in the whole collection. *W. J.* allows this play to be very entertaining; and the character of *Autolycus* very naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented.

TRA-

TRAGEDIES.

I.

Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Antony's *Softneſs.*

HIS captain's heart
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles in his breaſt, reneges (1) all temper
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipſy's luſt!

Love, the Nobleneſs of Life.

Let (2) *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall; here is my ſpace,
Kingdoms

(1) *Reneges.*] i. e. Renounces. *Pope.* *J.* obſerves, that in the two laſt lines, ſomething ſeems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly uſed for contrary purpoſes, were probably oppoſed by the author, who might perhaps have written *bellows and the fan*, to kindle and *to cool a gipſy's luſt.* *Gipſy* is here uſed both in the original meaning of an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental ſenſe, for a *bad* woman.

(2) *Let*, &c.] It is remarked by *Plutarch*, of *Antony*, that his language and manner of ſpeaking were, like his temper, turgid and ambitious; and that he affected the *Aſiatic* manner: *S.*, we find, not only from the ſtyle of the preſent, but many other of *Antony's* ſpeeches, was no ſtranger to this particular, which is an additional proof of his learning: as well as his inimitable excellence in keeping up the hiſtorical truth of his characters.

Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Lovers' Praiſe.

Fie, (3) wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!

SCENE II. *Great Minds reſpect Truth.*

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me: 'tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lye death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue:
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's called in *Rome:*
Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie ſtill; (4) and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.

Things loſt valued.

Forbear me.
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it;
What

(3) *Fie,* &c.] See *Winter's Tale,* where *Florizel* ſpeaks of *Perdita* nearly the ſame thing, but with greater elegance.

(4) *Quick winds lie ſtill.*] The ſenſe is, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. *J.*

What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again ; the preſent pleaſure, (5)
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf : ſhe's good, being gone,
The hand could pluck (6) her back, that ſhov'd her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our ſlippery people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his ſon ; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For (7) the main ſoldier.

SCENE III. Cleopatra's *contemptuous Raillery.*

Now, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you ſued ſtaying,
Then

(5) *The preſent pleaſure*, &c.] The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe : which, riſing in the eaſt, and by *revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the weſt, becomes the oppoſite of itſelf. *W.*

(6) *The hand could pluck.*] The verb *could* has a peculiar ſignification in this place. It does not denote *power*, but *inclination*. The ſenſe is, *The hand which drove her off, wou'd now willingly pluck her back again. Reviſal.*

(7) *For*, &c.] This topic is finely touched again in the fourth ſcene : where *Cæſar* ſays,

——I ſhould have known no leſs :
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Then was the time for words: no going then:
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliſs on our brows' bent; none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven: (8) they are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt lyar.

Cleopatra's *anxious Tenderneſs.*

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it,—
That you know well: ſomething it is I would:—
O, my oblivion (9) is a very *Antony*,
And I am all-forgotten!

Cleopatra's *Wiſhes for* Antony *on parting.*

Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your ſword
Sit laurel'd victory! and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet.

SCENE IV. Antony's *Vices and Virtues.*

Lep. I muſt (10) not think
They've evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His

(8) *A race of heaven.*] i. e. had a ſmack or flavour of heaven. The *race* of the wine is the taſte of the ſoil. *W.* and *J.*

(9) *My oblivion*, &c.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulneſs makes me forget myſelf.* But ſhe expreſſes it, by calling *forgetfulneſs Antony*, becauſe forgetfulneſs had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. *W.* There is great beauty and force in the expreſſion.

(10) *I muſt*, &c.] The judicious reader will be much pleaſed to find the vices and virtues of *Antony* ſo juſtly ſet

His faults in him ſeem, as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; (11) what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. (12) If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for 't; but to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who being mature (13) in knowledge,
Pawn

forth, ſo agreeable to all the accounts we have of his character in hiſtory: doubtleſs no ſmall knowledge in antiquity was neceſſary for ſo exact a conformity to the characters of the ancients. It is ſurpriſing, that the *Oxford* editor ſhould read the third line in the text,

As the ſpots of *ermine*,
Or *fires* by night's blackneſs;

when the image is ſo apt and beautiful as it now ſtands, and almoſt incapable of being miſunderſtood.

(11) *Purchas'd.*] i. e. Procured by his own fault or endeavour. *J.*

(12) *Weight in his lightneſs.*] i. e. His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us. *J.*

(13) *Being mature.*] The *Oxford* editor reads, who *immature* in knowledge, to which *W.* agrees, and admits the alteration.

Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.
Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſals. When thou once
Wer't beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa*, conſuls; at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge,
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now,)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

SCENE V. Cleopatra *on the Abſence of* Antony.

Oh, (14) *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he? or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
O happy

alteration. I cannot be ſatisfied with the criticiſm, but apprehend there is much more propriety in the words as they now ſtand, than as the *Oxford* editor would read them. For, if the boys were immature in *knowledge* [or, had not any knowledge] they could not pawn their *experience* to their preſent pleaſure, nor rebel to *judgment*: whereas, if they were *mature* in *knowledge*, all that follows is juſt. By *boys mature in knowledge* ſays *J*, are meant *boys old enough to know their duty.*

(14) *Oh*, &c.] Nothing can be more natural than this ſolicitude of *Cleopatra*, ſo peculiar to lovers: in *Philaſter*, Act 3. the lady ſays,

I marvel

O happy horſe to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe, for wot'ſt thou, whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet (15) of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or

I marvel my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will queſtion him,
Over and over, how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd:
How I remember'd him, when his dear name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how; when I ſigh'd, wept, ſung,
And ten thouſand ſuch: I ſhould be angry at his ſtay.

(15) *Burgonet.*] i. e. A ſteel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. The ingenious Mr. *Seward* remarks, on the next lines,—"That the editors who diſtinguiſh *Antony's* ſpeech either by *italics* or commas, make him only ſay, *Where's my ſerpent of old* Nile? The reſt is *Cleopatra's* own. But ſure it is a ſtrange compliment only to call her a *ſerpent of Nile*. And why then does ſhe mention it as a wonder, that he ſhould ſay ſuch rapturous things of her in her decline of life? No; *Antony's* ſpeech ſhould be continued, as the metaphor is,

Where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*
———Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon.

Both parts belong to him, and then ſhe goes on; "Think," ſays ſhe, "that he utters ſuch raptures as theſe of me, though wrinkled deep in time." But, in my opinion, ſhe ſeems not to imagine any ſuch raptures: all ſhe dwells upon is, her *Antony's* thinking and ſpeaking of her, by that fond expreſſion; which, however uncouth a compliment it may appear to us, we are to ſuppoſe, was a common one between them, and uſed by *Antony* in the midſt of their freedom and rapture: "He's ſpeaking now," ſays ſhe, "of me, or murmuring out his uſual fond appellation of me, wiſhing to know, where his ſerpent of old *Nile* is—(for ſo [apologizing for the oddneſs of it] my *Antony* calls me:)" recollecting herſelf, ſhe goes on: "Now, indeed, I do feed myſelf with moſt delicious poiſon: think of me, that am thus ſwarthy and thus wrinkled, to be ſo kindly remembered by this arm and burgonet of man.". *Seward* has made

Or murmuring, " where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*"
(For ſo he calls me ;) now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon ; think on me
That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Bald-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch ; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Meſſengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou *Mark Antony!*
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee. (16)

Antony's

made an alteration in a following line, which I have admitted into the text : it is commonly read,

Broad-fronted *Cæſar*———

" Is there," ſays he, " the leaſt ground from medals, ſtatues, or hiſtory, for ſuch a deſcription of him? No ; but the very reverſe. Look on his medals, and particularly the fine bronze at Dr. *Mead's*, and you'll find that he has a remarkably *ſharp forehead*. But there is a peculiarity in *Cæſar's* forehead, mentioned by all his hiſtorians, and confirmed by medals and ſtatues. He was *bald*, and boaſted that he would cover his temples with laurels inſtead of hair ; and for that purpoſe, after he was dictator, conſtantly wore his laurel crown. I read, therefore,

Bald-fronted *Cæſar*.

It is perfectly in character for *Cleopatra* to mention a blemiſh in *Cæſar* ; for ſhe a little below ſhews a contempt for his memory, in compariſon of her *Antony*." *W.* See *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s works, preface, p. 66.

(16) *With his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philoſophers ſtone, which by its touch converts baſe metal into gold : the alchymiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *medicine*. *J.*

Antony's *Love and Diſpoſition.*

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, " the firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oiſter: at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the eaſt
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs." So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt (17) ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.
Cle. What, was he ſad, or merry?
Ale. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad nor merry.
Cle. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Vanity of human Wiſhes.

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Men. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom.

(17) *Arm-gaunt.*] i. e. ſays *W.* a ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. *Hanmer* reads *arm-girt ſteed.*

Pom. Whilſt we are ſuitors to their throne, decays, (18)
The thing we ſue for.
Men. We, (19) ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.

Pom-

(18) *Decays.*] i. e. while we are praying, *the thing for which we pray*, is loſing its value. *J. W.* reads *delays, the thing we ſue for.*

(19) *We*, &c.] *Theobald* has well obſerved, that if this be not an imitation of the following incomparable lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe ſo much of the ſame ſpirit and energy, as if the ſoul of the *Roman* ſatyriſt had been transfus'd into our poet. In the beginning of the ſatyr [the 10th] the poet obſerves;

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, purſue!
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we've got our wiſh, we wiſh undone!
Whole houſes of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd at their own requeſt.
In wars and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd, &c.

And towards the end, he adviſes thus:

Intruſt thy fortune to the powers above,
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We blindly, by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offſpring, and our wives are known,
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.

Pompey's *Wiſh for* Antony's *Captivity in Pleaſure.*

Pomp. I know they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony:* but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip; (20)
Let witchcraft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; *Epicurean* cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs.

Antony's *Soldierſhip.*

Pomp. *Menas*, I did not think,
This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm,
For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er luſt-weary'd *Antony.*

SCENE II. Antony's *ingenuous Acknowledgment.*

Ant. The article of my oath——
Cæſ. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work, without it: Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here;

For

(20) *Wan lip.*] This is evidently a term of contempt in the ſpeaker, as he calls her *ſalt Cleopatra.* It may be remarked, however, that the lips of *Africans* and *Aſiatics* are paler than thoſe of *European* nations. See *St.*

For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.
Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Deſcription of Cleopatra's *ſailing down the* Cydnus.

The barge (21) ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: th' oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The

(21) *The barge*, &c.] As *Dryden* plainly entered the liſts with *S.* in deſcribing this magnificent appearance of *Cleopatra*, it is but juſt the deſcriptions ſhould appear together, that the reader may decide the victory. Partiality, perhaps, may incline me to think *S's* much the greateſt; though I am pleaſed with hearing it from *Antony's* own mouth, in *Dryden's* play.

Her galley down the ſilver *Cydnus* row'd,
The tackling ſilk, the ſtreamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails,
Her nymphs like *Nereids* round her couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe, another ſea-born *Venus* lay.
She lay, and lent her cheek upon her hand,
And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting ſhe cou'd take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face; but if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
That mens deſiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To ſoft flutes
The ſilver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleaſure to the ſight,
And both to thought: 'twas heav'n (or ſomewhat more)
For ſhe ſo charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the ſhore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome Voice.

The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
(22) O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings (23). At the helm,
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flow'r-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'th' market place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's

(22) *O'er-picturing*, &c.] "The poet," ſays Mr. *Theobald*, "ſeems here to be alluding to that fine picture of *Venus*, done by *Apelles*; the beauty and limbs of which, it is ſaid, he copied from *Campaſpe*, his beloved miſtreſs, whom he received at the hands of *Alexander the Great*. This celebrated piece of his was called Αφροδιτη αναδυομενη *Venus riſing out of the ſea*: to which, *Ovid* has paid ſo fine a compliment in his 3d book on the *Art of Love*.

Si Venerem Cous *nunquam poſuiſſet Apelles,*
Merſa ſub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

If fam'd *Apelles* had not painted thee,
Venus, thou ne'er hadſt riſen from the ſea.

The reader, for a larger account of this matter, may conſult *Pliny's* Natural hiſtory, L. 35. c. 10.

(23) Adorings. *Warb. valg.* Adornings.

Cleopatra's *infinite power in pleaſing.*

(24) Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her when ſhe is riggiſh.

SCENE V. *The unſettled Humour of Lovers.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. (25) Give me ſome muſic: muſic, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes.

(24) *Age*, &c.] So, in *Dryden*'s play, *Antony* ſpeaks to *Cleopatra* of her uncloying charms;

How I lov'd,
Witneſs ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your buſineſs were to count my paſſion:
One day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but love:
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only love:
The ſuns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was ſtill but as the firſt;
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more. Act 3.

(25) *Give me*, &c.] Nothing can be more natural than this uneaſy fluctuation of mind ſo peculiar to people deprived of the object which alone can pleaſe them, and without whom nothing can pleaſe. I know not of a more beautiful inſtance than in the firſt act of that fine play of *Euripides*; *Hippolitus*, towards the latter end of the act, which Mr. *Smith* has well copied (I might rather have ſaid, tranſlated) in his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, an excellent play, tho' greatly inferior in many material circumſtances, and particularly the character of *Phædra*, to the *Greek*. In our *Engliſh* play, *Phædra*, on her entrance, begins;

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I'll reſt my weary ſteps:
My ſtrength forſakes me, &c.

Why

Omnes. The muſic, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come *Charmian.*
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, ſir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there
My muſic playing, far off I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes, my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, ah, ha! you're caught. *Char.*

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched head?
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs?
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings?
Take, ſnatch them hence, *&c.*
Oh, my *Lycon*,
Oh, how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and ſpringing graſs!
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhades
Of venerable oaks! to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings!

Lycon. I'll ſooth her phrenzy; come, *Phædra*, let's away,
Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid ſtreams.

Phæd. Come, let's away, and thou moſt bright *Diana*,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte *Diana*,
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, oh, place me in the duſty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory:
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins!
See, from the goal the fiery courſers bound!
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along its vale;
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt,

Char. 'Twas merry; when
You wager'd on your angling, when your Diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!——Oh, times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword (26) *Philippan.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ambition, jealous of a too ſucceſsful Friend.

(27) Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve's away.

SCENE V. Octavia's *Entrance, what it ſhould have been.*

Why has thou ſtol'n upon us thus? You came not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should

(26) *Philippan.*] This word, we are to ſuppoſe, was ſo called from the great actions it atchieved in the hands of its heroic maſter at *Philippi*; the faireſt field of his fame, and of which he ſeems to have been moſt proud. *Antony* too plumed himſelf on his deſcent from *Hercules*; ſo that this imitation of his anceſtor was the more agreeable to him, who ſubmitted to the like treatment from *Omphale*, whoſe tires and mantles the great *Alcides* put on, and plied her diſtaff, while ſhe wielded his club, and decked herſelf in his trophies.

(27) *Oh*, &c.] This is ſpoken by *Ventidius*, who bears a very conſiderable ſhare in Mr. *Dryden*'s tragedy: but it ſeems to me, that great man has miſrepreſented him, and inſtead of giving us the brave, old, honeſt, veteran *Roman*, hath given us a ſurly, rigid buffoon: unlike that *Ventidius* we ſo greatly admire in his

Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtent of our love; which left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd veſtal.

SCENE IX. *Fortune forms our Judgment.*

I ſee, mens' judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike.

Loyalty.

(28) Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare; The

his true character. *Plutarch*, as Mr. *Theobald* has obſerved, particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on lieutenancy, and cautious of aiming at any glory in his own name and perſon.

(28) *Mine*, &c.] After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, (*i. e.* that his reaſon ſhews him to be miſtaken in his firm adherence to *Antony*) he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "tho' loyalty ſtubbornly preſerved to a maſter in his declined fortunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of fools; (*i. e.* men who have not honour enough to think more wiſely;) yet he, who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." *Theobald.*

The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i'th' ſtory.

Wiſdom ſuperior to Fortune.

Wiſdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it.

SCENE X. *Vicious Perſons infatuated by Heaven.*

Good, my lord;
When we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh miſery on't! the wiſe gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's, while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outſtare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Maſter taking leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,—
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter,

Married

Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death;
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

SCENE III. *Early riſing the Way to Eminence.*

This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

SCENE VI. Antony *to* Cleopatra, *at his Return with Victory.*

O, thou day o'th' world,
(29) Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

SCENE VII. *Loathed Life.*

(30) Oh, ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That

(29) *Chain*, &c.] *i. e.* Entwine me, armed as I am, in thy embraces. A chain, Mr. *Edwards* adds, *Can. of Crit.* p. 123. a gallant man would prefer before any gold one. He obſerves too, on the laſt line in the ſpeech, (wherein Mr. *Warburton* tells us) *Shakeſpear* alludes "to an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm." Why ſhould it be triumphing like an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm? I thought victories gained, not ſtorms eſcaped, had been the matter of triumphs; and, I ſuppoſe, other ſhips dance on the billows juſt after the ſame manner as the admiral's does.

(30) *Oh*, &c.] *Enobarbus* here beautifully calls the *moon*, the ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy, and betrays a generous concern for his ingratitude. *Bellario*, in *Philaſter*, Act 4. makes this affecting and melancholy ſpeech;

A heavineſs near death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleep: bear me, thou gentle bank
For ever, if thou wilt: you ſweet ones all,
Let me, unworthy, preſs you: I could wiſh,
I rather were a corſe, ſtrew'd o'er with you,

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

SCENE IX. Antony's *Deſpondency.*

(31) Oh ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands—All come to this!—The hearts
That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets

On

Than quick above you: dullneſs ſhuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh, that I could take
So ſound a ſleep, that I might never wake!

The deſpondency of both is beautiful: but the poet's art is admirable, in ſo well ſuiting the ſentiments: the deſpair of one proceeding from guilt; the other from injured innocence.

(31) *Oh ſun*, &c.] So *Ajax*, juſt before he kills himſelf, addreſſes himſelf to the ſun,

Σεδ ω φαεννης, &c.

Bright day-light, and thou glory of the world,
Oh ſun—to thee now laſt I ſend my voice,
Now laſt I call—and hence am heard no more.

The word *pannell'd*, in the text, hath greatly diſturbed the critics; ſome altering it to *pautler'd*, others to *pag'd*, *ſpaniel'd*, and the like: but Mr. *Upton's* laſt criticiſm ſeems moſt juſt—"Who," ſays he, "is ſo unacquainted with our author as to be ignorant of his vague and licentious uſe of metaphors: his ſporting, as it were, with the meaning of words?—The illuſion here, licentious as it is, is to the *pannel* of a wainſcot. But hear ye the poet himſelf in *As you like it*, Act 3. "*Jac.* This fellow will but *join* you together, as they *join* wainſcot." So that by *the hearts that pannell'd me at heels*, he means, the hearts that *join'd me, united themſelves to me*, &c. This might have been lengthened into a ſimile, but he chooſes to expreſs it more cloſely by a metaphor." *Upton's* Obſervations on *Shakſpear*, p. 200. n. 3. I would always prefer that criticiſm which retains the original word, if it gives a tolerable ſenſe. Tho' the line

Do diſcandy, melt their ſweets, &c.

is very good ſenſe, I think, it would be better, if we read *do diſcandying* melt their ſweets. The reaſons are obvious.

On bloſſoming *Cæſar*; and this pine is bark'd
That over-topt them all.

Departing Greatneſs.

The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

Scene X. Antony, *on his faded Glory.*

Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.—Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Egypt*, and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine;
(Which whilſt it was mine, had annex'd to it
A million more, now loſt;) ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Deſcription of Cleopatra's *(ſuppoſed) Death.*

Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake

Was *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

SCENE XII. Cleopatra *on the Death of* Antony.

It were for me
To throw my ſceptre at th' injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do ye, women?
What, what good cheer? Why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls?—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out—Good ſirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Death.

My deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
(32) Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar's.*

SCENE

(32) *Which ſleeps,* &c.] Mr. *Seward,* in a note on the *Falſe One,* obſerves; "When we ſpeak in contempt of any thing, we gene-
rally

SCENE III. Cleopatra's *Dream and Deſcription of* Antony.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor *Antony*;
Oh, ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye—
Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O o'th'earth.
Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature——
Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights

Were

rally reſolve it into its firſt principles: thus, man is duſt and aſhes, and the food we eat, the dung, by which firſt our vegetable, and from thence our animal food is nouriſh'd. This ſentiment has in *Shakeſpear's Antony* and *Cleopatra*, eſcaped the obſervation of two that deſervedly bear the firſt names in criticiſm, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Warburton*. *Cleopatra* finding ſhe can no longer riot in the pleaſures of life, with the uſual workings of a diſappointed pride, pretends a diſguſt to them, and thus ſpeaks in praiſe of ſuicide——And it is great, &c. (as in the text.)

From the obſervation above, nothing can be clearer than this paſſage: *Both the beggar and Cæſar are fed and nurſed by the dung* of the earth: and in this ſenſe it always appeared to me before the following demonſtration of it occur'd. In the firſt ſcene of the ſame play, *Antonio* ſays,

> Kingdóms are clay, our *dungy* earth alike
> Feeds beaſts as man.——

Though I am perſuaded, with Mr. *Seward*, this is the true ſenſe of the paſſage; yet we muſt nicely obſerve the ſenſe of *ſleeps* and *palates*, which are quite peculiar, and may be reckoned amongſt the anomalies of *Shakeſpear*. "Suicide, "ſays he" "ſhackles accidents and bolts up change, *ſleeps*, [*i. e.* cauſes us to *ſleep*] and never *palates*," [never more to *palate*, &c.]

Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The elements they liv'd in; in his livery,
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and iſland's were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

SCENE V. *Firm Reſolution.*

How poor an inſtrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble conſtant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

SCENE VI. Cleopatra's *Speech on applying the Aſp.*

——Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*: quick—methinks I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. (33) I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the gods give men
T'excuſe their after wrath. Huſband, I come;
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel,

(33) *I hear*, &c.] It has been obſerved, this poſſibly might have been ſhadowed out from *Claudian*;

——*Jam non ad culmina rerum*
Injuſtos creviſſe queror: tolluntur in altum
Ut lapſu graviore cadant.

In Rufinum L.

To faireſt heights that wicked men attain,
No more I marvel, and no more complain;
Since but with greater ruin down to fall
Aloft they're raiſed.

Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the Aſp.*
Have I the aſpic in my lips? Do'ſt fall? [*To Iras.*
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Do'ſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*
Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud and rain, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me baſe——
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,
[*To the Aſp.*
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate (34)
Of life at once untie. Oh, couldſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Unpoliced!
Char. Oh, eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—
O *Antony!* Nay, I will take thee too,—
[*Applying another Aſp.*
(35) What ſhould I ſtay.——— [*Dies.*
Char.

(34) *Intrinſicate*] *i. e.* Intricate, intangled, or tied in hard knots; ſo, in *King Lear*,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too *intrinſicate* to unlooſe.

Edwards.

(35) *What ſhould I ſtay*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* excels prodigiouſly in theſe breaks; ſo, *Percy*, in *Henry* IV. firſt part, juſt departing; ſays,

——No,

Char. In this wild world? ſo, fare thee well;
Now, boaſt thee, death; in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd.

——No, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for—— [*Dies.*
P. Hen. Worms; brave *Percy*, fare thee well, &c.

General Obſervation.

THIS play (ſays *Johnſon*) keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh *Cleopatra*, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. *Upton*, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in the play is that which *Cæſar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connexion or care of diſpoſition.

II.

Coriolanus.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Mob.

WHAT (1) would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where

(1) *What*, &c.] *Shakespear* has many passages on the uncertainty of popular favour, and the fickleness of the vulgar: the reader will find one in the 2d part of *Henry* IV. v. 2. p. 17. where I have referred to this: *Milton*, in his 3d book of *Paradise Regained*, has a passage remarkably similar to this. Satan says to Christ,

These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory: glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits?
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
—What is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people, but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well-weigh'd scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of

Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe: you are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hail-ſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland.

SCENE V. Auſidius's *Hatred to* Coriolanus.

——Nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor fame, nor capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarments of all fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Marcius*. Where I find him, were it

At

Of whom to be diſprais'd, were no ſmall praiſe,
His lot who dares be ſingularly good?
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.

In the ſecond line of the text, the meaning ſeems plain to any vulgar reader; but Mr. *Warburton* imagining ſomething more than his author intended, alters it to

That *likes not* peace nor war.

The author is deſcribing the fickleneſs of the mob, whom nothing pleaſes; uneaſy, murmuring and rebellious in time of peace; fearful, diſcontented and cowardly in time of war; affrighted and rendered clamorous by the one; ſaucy and wavering, being made proud, by the other. The reader may ſee the humour of this ſet of people, in the 4th Act, and 8th Scene of the play, which (if there wants any) may caſt ſome light on the paſſage.

At home upon my brother's guard, ev'n there,
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, wou'd I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart.

SCENE VI. *An imaginary Deſcription of* Coriolanus *warring.*

(2) Methinks, I hither hear your huſband's drum:
I ſee him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:
As children from a bear, the *Volſci* ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus—and call thus—
"Come on ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in *Rome:*" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt man, that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.
Virg. His bloody brow! Oh, *Jupiter*, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector's* forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending.

SCENE XI. *Doing our Duty merits not Praiſe.*

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

ACT

(2) *Methinks*, &c.] This martial ſpeech is ſpoken by *Volumnia*, the mother of *Coriolanus*, to his wife *Virgilia*. I cannot approve the third line: the word *children* is frequently made three ſyllables by *Shakeſpear*, and other old poets; ſo that we might read, *as children a bear*, or rather, *as children do a bear*. It may indeed do as it now ſtands, *ſhunning* being taken in the ſenſe of flying, but ſtill, *ſhunning from*, is harſh.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Popularity.

All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling nurſe
Into a (3) rapture lets her baby cry,

While

(3) *Rapture.*] *i. e.* A taking away, a fit. *Seld-Shewn* Flamins, is particular, meaning, ſeldom ſhewn or ſeen. The *war* of white and damaſk means only the *ſtruggle*, or contention between them for ſuperiority: and tho', as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, "it is the *agreement* and *union* of the colours that make the beauty;" yet theſe two may be well ſaid to *war* or *contend* with each other for ſuperior beauty: ſo that I think, there is no need of altering the paſſage, as he would have it, to *ware*. The expreſſion, *that whatſoever god who leads him*, is particular too, and is to be underſtood as if he had ſaid, *as if that god, whatever god it be, who leads him*, &c.

When I made the remark above on Mr. *Warburton's* criticiſm of *ware*, I did not know Mr. *Edwards* had taken any notice of it: however, I find in the 94th page of his *Canons of Criticiſm*, he obſerves, "Perhaps ſome other profeſſed critic, diſliking Mr. *Warburton's Commodity*, and being offended with the idea of venality which the word *merchandiſe* gives in this place, (for the reader muſt know, he explains *ware*, by *commodity* and *merchandiſe*) may tell us we ſhould read, *commit the wear*, i. e. hazard the wearing out——commit, from *commettre*, an old *French word*, which is no ſmall recommendation to it; but a poor poetical reader would let this figure paſs; and not be alarmed (except for his own heart) on account of this innocent war between the roſes and lillies in a lady's cheek; remembering that beautiful tho' ſimple deſcription of it, in the old ballad of *Fair Roſamond*.

The blood within her cryſtal cheeks
Did ſuch a colour drive,
As though the lilly and the roſe
For *maſterſhip* did *ſtrive*.

If Mr. *Warburton* ſhould object to the authority of this unknown poet, I hope he will allow that of *Shakeſpear* himſelf, who in his *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, has theſe lines,

This

While ſhe chats him: the kitchin malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions: all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamins
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus'* burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

SCENE VI.

Cominius' *Speech in the Senate.*

I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers; *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,

He

This ſilent *war* of lillies and of roſes,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair face's field.

p. 103. *Sewel's* ed.

See too the foregoing ſtanza in the ſame poem.

He prov'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a ſea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince
He lurch'd all ſwords o'th' garland. For this laſt
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was trimm'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Miſchief of Anarchy.

My ſoul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

SCENE IV. *Character of* Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
(4) He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth;
What his breaſt forges that his tongue muſt vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

SCENE V. *Honour and Policy.*

I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there.

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones: (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More

(4) *He*, &c.] *Thomſon*, who hath written a tragedy on this ſubject, tho' with little ſucceſs, his dramatic genius being utterly incapable of treading in the ſteps of *Shakeſpear*, puts this character of *Coriolanus* into the mouth of *Galeſus*;

Spite of my love to *Marcius* I muſt own it,
The vigorous ſoil whence his heroic virtues
Luxuriant riſe, if not with careful hand
Severely weeded, teems with imperfections.
His lofty ſpirit brooks no oppoſition:
His rage, if once offended, knows no bounds,
He deems plebeians, with patrician blood
Compar'd, the creatures of a lower ſpecies,
Mere menial hands by nature meant to ſerve him.

Act 2. Sc. 1.

The reader will be agreeably entertained by reading the life of this hero, written by *Plutarch*, which will add many beauties to this compoſition of *Shakeſpear*.

More learned than the ears;) (5) waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That wilt not hold the handling; [or] ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
(6) Haſt not the ſoft way, which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf

(5) *Waving thy head*, &c.] Mr. *Warburton* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer* after him, thinking this paſſage corrupt and abſurd, alter it thus;

Waving thy *hand*,
Which *ſoften* thus correcting, &c.

We have nothing more to do than explain the paſſage, to ſhew their miſtake: the mother deſires her ſon to go to the populace with all tokens of humility, "with his bonnet in his *hand*, which he was to *ſtretch* forth, and to buſs the ſtones with his knee, and to *wave* his *head* in token of contrition (a moſt common and daily-obſervable method) *which* [or the doing of which] often thus correcting his ſtout heart [by thus *waving*, in ſign of ſubmiſſion, correcting and chaſtiſing that pride, and ſubduing that erroneous obſtinacy by this humiliation, he confeſſes to puniſh and bring under, &c.] then, ſhe adds, ſay, ſo and ſo, &c. We may ſuppoſe, *often thus*, is ſpoken δειχτικως, as the rhetoricians ſay, ſhe herſelf, while ſpeaking, being ſuppoſed to *wave* her head, in the manner ſhe would have *Coriolanus* do it. Mr. *Warburton* aſks—"Where is the ſenſe or grammar of, Which often thus, &c." I would anſwer one queſtion by another—Where is the ſenſe or grammar of, Waving thy *hand*, *which* ſoften thus? &c. ——The reader may obſerve, *hand* and *ſoft*, are both uſed in the ſpeech, not far from this place, which is ſome objection to the critic's *emendation*.

The ſecond line is a proof ſhe uſes that *action* ſhe would recommend to her ſon: the reader will obſerve, *or*, in the 8th line is quite unneceſſary, the verſe and ſenſe being compleat without it; for which reaſon I have put it in crotchets, as a perplexing and idle expletive.

(6) *Haſt not*, &c.] So *Othello* tells the ſenate of *Venice*;

Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace, &c.

See Act. 1. Sc. 3.

Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Coriolanus, *his Abhorrence of Flattery.*

Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice
That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms—I will not do't—
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour my own truth,
And by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

His Mother's Reſolution on his ſtubborn Pride.

(7) At thy choice then;
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy

(7) *At thy*, &c.]

Daughter riſe,
Let us no more before the *Volſcian* people
Expoſe ourſelves a ſpectacle of ſhame.
It is in vain we try to melt a breaſt,
That to the beſt affections nature gives us,
Prefers the worſt. Hear me, proud man, I have
A heart as ſtout as thine. I came not hither,
To be ſent back, rejected, baffled, ſham'd,
Hateful to *Rome*, becauſe I am thy mother:
A *Roman* matron knows, in ſuch extremes,
What part to take, and thus I came provided.
[*Drawing from a robe a dagger.*
Go, barbarous ſon, go, double parricide!
Ruſh o'er my corſe to thy belov'd revenge.

Tread

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou liſt;
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me:
But own thy pride thyſelf.

SCENE VI. *His Deteſtation of the Vulgar.*

You common cry of curs whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men
That do currupt my air: I baniſh you:
And here remain with your uncertainty:
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair: have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
Making but reſervation of yourſelves
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows.

ACT VI. SCENE I.

Precepts againſt Ill-fortune.

——You were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With

> Tread on the bleeding breaſt of her to whom
> Thou ow'ſt thy life.
>
> *Thomſon's Coriolanus*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

See the page following.

With precepts, that wou'd make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

SCENE III. *On common Friendſhips.*

Oh world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe
Are ſtill together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unſeperable, ſhall within this hour,
(8) On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out,
To bitter enmity. So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,

Some

(8) *On a diſſenſion*, &c.] This is a beautiful picture of the trivial accidents that break and contract common friendſhips: I remember a paſſage in a poem called, *An Eſſay on Converſation*, (which is written, if I am not miſtaken, by Mr. *Stillingfleet*, and may be found in *Dodſley's Miſcellany,*) where he excellently ſets forth the little follies that occaſion fatal breaches in friendſhip, than which, as *Manilius* long ſince obſerved, nothing in nature is more noble, and nothing in nature more rare.

Nihil ex ſemet natura creavit
Pectore amicitiæ majus, nec rarius unquam.

I have not the poem by me, but ſo far as I can recollect the paſſage, will give it my reader.

Panthus and *Euclio* link'd in friendſhip's tye,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die:
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd,
'Twas but one ſoul, that in two bodies reign'd!
One night, as uſual 'twas their nights to paſs,
They ply'd the ſocial, but ſtill temperate glaſs:
When lo! a doubt was rais'd about a word—
A doubt that muſt be ended by the ſword!
One falls a victim: mark, O man, thy ſhame!
Becauſe their gloſſaries were not the ſame.

I believe the ingenious author uſes this example with a different deſign from that for which I have quoted it; however, it will ſerve very well to caſt a light on the preſent topic.

Some trick, not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues.

SCENE IV. *Martial Friendſhip.*

——————(9) Let me twine
Mine

(9) *Let me*, &c.] Nothing can be imagined more noble than this generoſity of *Aufidius*, and we may well ſay, *Shakeſpear* hath given him words equal to the greatneſs of his ſoul: *Thomſon* owes much to *Shakeſpear*, in this character more particularly; one ſpeech or two will be ſufficient to ſhew not only that, but how dangerous it is to attempt the flights of this daring *Britiſh* eagle. In the firſt act of *Thomſon's* tragedy, before *Coriolanus* puts himſelf under the protection of *Tullus*, the *Volſcian* tells his friend:

My ſoul, my friend, my ſoul is all on fire!
Thirſt of revenge conſumes me: the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy *Roman*, this proud *Martius* haunts me!
Each troubled night, when ſlaves and captives ſleep
Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams
Anew am vanquiſh'd: and beneath the ſword
With horror ſinking, feel a ten-fold death,
The death of honour: but I will redeem—
Yes, *Martius*, I will yet redeem my fame;
To face thee once again is the great purpoſe
For which alone I live.

And in the 4th ſcene following, he ſays to *Coriolanus*, now diſcover'd to him;

O, *Caius Martius*, in this one ſhort moment
That we have friendly talk'd, my raviſh'd heart
Hath undergone a great, a wond'rous change.
I ever held thee in my beſt eſteem:
But this heroic confidence has won me,
Stampt me at once thy friend. I were, indeed,
A wretch as mean, as this thy truſt is noble,
Cou'd I refuſe thee thy demand.—Yes, *Martius*,
Thou haſt thy wiſh, take half of my command,
If that be not enough, then take the whole.
We have, my friend, a gallant force on foot,
An army, *Martius*, fit to follow thee.
Go, lead them on; and take thy full revenge:
All ſhould unite to puniſh the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treaſon to mankind, &c.

Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the moon with ſplinters; here I clip
The anvil of my ſword, and do conteſt,
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend again thy valour. (10) Know thou, firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my wrapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each others throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Seaſon of Solicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
(11) The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd

Theſe

(10) *Know thou*, &c.] In the firſt Act and 9th Scene of this play *Coriolanus* ſays,

——Oh! let me clip ye,
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bed-ward.

(11) *The veins*, &c.] This obſervation of *Shakeſpear* is by general practice verified, and by many copied from him: Mr. *Theobald* tells us, lord *Bacon* ſomewhere in his eſſays makes this very remark.

Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſt; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt.

SCENE III. *Obſtinate Reſolution.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
(12) Let it be virtuous to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſie worth; or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which

Great

(12) *Let it*, &c.] *Thomſon*, well deſcribing the obſtinate and revengeful temper of *Coriolanus*, makes him ſpeak thus;

> What ſaidſt thou, what againſt the power of vengeance?
> The gods gave honeſt anger, juſt revenge,
> To be the awful guardians of the rights
> And native dignity of human kind.
> O, were it not for them, the ſaucy world
> Wou'd grow a noiſome neſt of little tyrants!
> Each carrion-crow, on eagle-merit perch'd,
> Wou'd peck his eyes out; and the mongrel cur
> At pleaſure bait the lion.——No, *Galeſus*,
> I wou'd not raſhly nor on light occaſion,
> Receive the deep impreſſion in my breaſt:
> But when the baſe, the brutal, and unjuſt,
> Or, worſe than all, th' ungrateful ſtamp it there;
> O, I will then with luxury ſupreme,
> Enjoy the pleaſure of offended gods,
> A righteous, juſt revenge.
>
> Act 2. Sc. 5.

I have been pretty large in my quotations from this fine and moving ſcene, but would by all means refer the reader to the original, as well as to that part of Mr. *Thomſon*'s play, where, in my opinion at leaſt, he moſt excels.

Great nature cries,—Deny not.—Let the *Volſcians*
Plow *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderneſs.

————Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiſs,
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince—Ye gods! I prate;
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee, i'th' earth,
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Chaſtity.

———(13) The noble ſiſter of *Poplicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaſte as the iſicle,
That's

(13) *The noble*, &c.] *Emilia*, in the laſt act of the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, thus addreſſes *Diana*, the patroneſs of chaſtity;

Oh, ſacred, ſhadowy, cold, and conſtant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As wind-fann'd ſnow, who to thy female knights
Allow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their order's robe: &c.

In *Milton's Comus*, the brother ſpeaking of his ſiſter, ſays,

'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity:
She, that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge foreſts and unharbour'd heaths,

That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple.

Coriolanus's *Prayer for his Son.*

(14)————The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme *Jove*, inform
Thy

Infamous hills, and ſandy, perilous wilds,
Where through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage, fierce, banditti, or mountaineer,
Will dare to foil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where every deſolation dwells,
By grots and caverns, ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblemiſh'd majeſty;
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at curfue time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

He then ſpeaks of *Diana*, the patroneſs of chaſtity, and of *Minerva*; and goes on,

So dear to Heaven is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear:
Till oft converſe with heavenly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal, &c.

See the whole paſſage.

(14) *The god*, &c.] See the firſt page of the firſt volume, and the note. There is ſomething peculiarly great and exalted in this prayer of *Coriolanus*: the expreſſions are perfectly ſuited to the ſublimity of the petitions. The word *flaw*, in the laſt line but one, means 'a *ſudden* and impetuous guſt of wind,' tho' it hath a different ſenſe in the 2d part of *Hen.* IV. ſee Act 4. Sc. 3.

In

Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou mayſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i'th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!

Coriolanus' *Mother's pathetic Speech to him.*

————Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee,
The ſon, the huſband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out; and to poor we
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. * * *
* * * * We muſt find,
An eminent calamity though we had
Our wiſh which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets: or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine; if I can't perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than

In the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, *Arcite*, lamenting the many miſeries of their captivity, among the reſt complains——that they ſhould have

No iſſue know them;——
No figure of ourſelves ſhall we e'er ſee,
To glad our eye, and like young eagles, teach 'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright arms, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were—and conquer.

Than ſeek the end of one: thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

SCENE IV. *Peace after a Siege.*

Ne'er thro' an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the re-comforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark you!
(15) The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the ſun dance.

(15) *The*, &c.] *Shakeſpear* poſſibly might have this verſe from the 3d chapter of *Daniel*, in view, when he wrote the above.

At what time ye hear the ſound of the cornet, flute, harp, ſackbut, pſaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of muſic, ye fall down and worſhip the golden image, &c.

Or this from the laſt Pſalm.

Praiſe him with the ſound of the trumpet, praiſe him with the pſaltery and harp: praiſe him with the timbrel and dance, praiſe him with the ſtringed inſtruments and organs. Praiſe him upon the loud cymbals, praiſe him upon the high-ſounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praiſe the Lord.

General Obſervation.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* (ſays *Johnſon*) is one of the moſt amuſing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in *Menenius*; the lofty lady's dignity in *Volumnia*; the bridal modeſty in *Virgilia*; the patrician and military haughtineſs in *Coriolanus*; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian inſolence in *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, make a very pleaſing and intereſting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curioſity. There is, perhaps, too much buſtle in the firſt act, and too little in the laſt.

III.

Cymbeline.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. THOU ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; (1) till the diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept: but, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay; ere I could tell him
How

(1) *Till*, &c.] There needs no alteration here: *Imogen* ſays, "She would not have left to after-eye him, till he was as little as a crow, nay, ſhe would have crackt her eye-ſtrings to look upon him, till the diminution of ſpace [the leſſening of the ſpace he took up] had pointed him ſharp as a needle," (till the ſpace he took up ſeem'd not only ſmall as a bird, but even ſharp as a needle's point.)

How I would think of him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
The ſhe's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour: or have charg'd him
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with oriſons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him;) or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiſs, (2) which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Skakes all our buds from blowing *.

SCENE VIII. *The Baſeneſs of Falſhood to a Wife.*

Doubting things go ill often hurts more,
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne, diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. (3) Had I this cheek

To

(2) *Which*, &c.] Mr. *Warburton*, in his note on this paſſage, has had the felicity to diſcover what the two charming words were, between which *Imogen* would have ſet her parting kiſs, which *Shakeſpear* probably never thought of. He ſays, "without queſtion, by theſe two charming words, ſhe would be underſtood to mean,

Adieu, Poſthumus.

The one religion made ſo, the other love."

Imogen muſt have underſtood the etymology of our language very exactly, to find out ſo much religion in the word *adieu*, which we uſe commonly, without fixing any ſuch idea to it; as when we ſay, ſuch a man has *bid adieu* to all religion. And on the other ſide, ſhe muſt have underſtood the language of love very little, if ſhe could find no tenderer expreſſion of it, than the name by which every body elſe called her huſband. *Edward's Can. of Crit.* p. 115.

* Blowing, *Warb.* vulg. growing.

(3) *Had I*, &c.] He afterwards ſays,

To

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch
Whoſe very touch wou'd force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty: this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Imogen's *Bedchamber; in one Part of it, a large Trunk.*

Imogen *is diſcovered reading.*

Imo. ——Mine eyes are weak
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o'th' clock,
I prithee call me—Sleep hath ſeized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods,
From

To be partner'd
With tom-boys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon poiſon: be reveng'd, &c.

Theſe lines are well worthy the reflection of all thoſe gent'emen, who ſtyle themſelves *Men of Pleaſure:* if they would duly weigh the truth of them; their own pride ſure would be the firſt thing, to *drum them,* as *Shakeſpear* ſays, from their laſcivious ports.

From fairies and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, I beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *riſes from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, e'er he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lilly,
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs—Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'ns own tinct—but my deſign
To note the chamber—I will write all down:
Such and ſuch pictures—there the window—ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why ſuch, and ſuch,—and the contents o'th' ſtory—
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t'enrich mine inventory.
(4) O, ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off.—
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As ſlippery as the *Gordian* knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger

(4) *O ſleep*, &c.] So *Ovid* ſays,

Stulte quid eſt ſomnus, gelidæ niſi mortis imago?

Fool, what is ſleep, but th' image of cold death?

See *Meaſure for Meaſure* (the *Duke*'s fine ſpeech to *Claudio.*)

Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late
The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomel* gave up—I have enough,
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift you dragons of the night, that dawning
(5) May bear the raven's eye; I lodge in fear;
Tho' this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.
[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE IV. *Gold.*

(6) 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's

(5) *May bear*, &c.] Some copies read, *bare*, or *make bare*; others, *ope*: but the true reading is, *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very ſublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may aſſume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey*: hence it is ſo commonly called, the *grey-ey'd* morning; in *Romeo* and *Juliet*,

I'll ſay yon *grey* is not the morning's eye.

Warburton.

No term in heraldry is ſo common as to *bear*, ſo that, doubtleſs, Mr. *Warburton*'s explanation muſt be allowed: *Shakeſpear* uſes it in *Much ado about Nothing*;

" So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him *bear* it for a difference between him and his horſe."

(6) *'Tis*, &c.] See the 2d part of *Henry* IV. Act 4. Sc. 11. *Virgil* ſays,

——*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames?

Curs'd gold, how high will daring mortals riſe
In every guilt to reach the glitt'ring prize?

Pitt, Æn. 3. v. 57.
Horace.

Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, and yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o'th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both thief and true man; what
Can it not do, and undo?

SCENE VII. *A Satire on Women.*

(7) Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? We are baſtards all;

And

Horace has an ode expreſſly on this ſubject, That gold makes its way thro' all things: 'tis in his 3d book, and the 16th ode. Take part of it in the words of *Creech*;

A tower of braſs, gates ſtrong and barr'd,
And watchful dogs ſuſpicious guard,
From creeping night-adulterers
That ſought impriſon'd *Danae*'s bed
Might have ſecur'd one maidenhead,
And freed the old *Acriſius* from his fears.
But *Jove* and *Venus* ſoon betray'd
The jealous guardian of the maid:
They knew the way to take the hold,
They knew the paſs muſt open lie
To ev'ry hand and ev'ry eye,
When *Jove* himſelf was bribe, and turn'd to gold.
Gold loves to break thro' gates and bars
It is the thunderbolt of wars:
It flies thro' walls, and breaks away:
By gold the Argive augur fell,
It taught the children to rebel,
And made the wife her fatal lord betray.
When engines, and when arts do fail,
The golden wedge can cleave the wall:
Gold, *Philip*'s rival, kings o'erthrew;
Rough ſeaman, ſtubborn as the flood,
And angry ſeas that they have plough'd,
Bribes quickly ſnare and eaſily ſubdue, &c.

(7) *Is there*, &c.] *Milton* ſays,

O why did God
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt

This

And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where
When

This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? *Par. Loſt*, B. 10. v. 888.

This thought, as Dr. *Newton* has well obſerved, both in *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*, "was originally from *Euripides*, who makes *Hippolitus*, in like manner, expoſtulate with *Jupiter*, for not creating man without woman." See *Hip.* 616.

O *Jupiter*, why woman, man's ſole woe,
Haſt thou created? Wherefore didſt thou not,
Minding to people earth, perfom thy purpoſe
Without this female race, this fair defect?

And *Jaſon* is made to talk in the ſame ſtrain, in the *Medea*, 573.

Children by other means ſhould be created,
Without the aid of women, theſe not born,
Man then had ſhunn'd variety of ills.

Dr. *Newton* adds, "Such ſentiments as theſe, we ſuppoſe, procured *Euripides* the name of woman-hater. *Arioſto*, however, hath ventured upon the ſame, in *Rodomont*'s invective againſt woman. *Orlando Furioſo*, Cant. 27. S. 120.

Why did not nature rather ſo provide,
Without your help, that man of man might come,
And one be grafted on another's ſide,
As are the apples with the pear and plumb?
Harrington, St. 97.

It would be endleſs to quote from authors, paſſages ſimilar to this in *Shakeſpear*: thoſe of our own nation have greatly labour'd on the topic: Mr. *Warburton* himſelf hath joined the band, and fought againſt the ladies, as his pithy reflections on the wife of *Job*, in his *Divine Legation*, ſhew: however, we ſtill find them retaining their power in ſpite of all the malice of their foes, and amidſt ſo many enemies ſtill triumphant.

The manner in which the jealous *Poſthumus* deſcribes the apparent modeſty of his wife, deſerves to be compared with the following paſſage from *Philaſter*, who having received a letter to inform him of the falſhood of his miſtreſs, whom he dearly loved and believed perfectly chaſte, ſays;

O, let

When I was ſtampt. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
The nonpareil of this——Oh, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow. * * *
* * * Could I find out
The woman's part in me;—for there's no motion
That

O, let all women,
That love black deeds learn to diſſemble here!
Here by this paper ſhe doth write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beſide: but unto me,
A maiden ſnow that melted with my looks.

See *Philaſter*, Act. 3.

A little further in the ſame act, he thus declaims againſt the ſex.

Some far place,
Where never womankind durſt ſet her foot,
For burſting with her poiſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you:
There dig a cave and preach to birds and beaſts,
What woman is, and help to ſave them from you:
How heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts
More hell, than hell has: how your tongues like ſcorpions,
Both heal and poiſon; how your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in on ſubtle web,
And worn ſo by you. How that fooliſh man,
That reads the ſtory of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever.
How all the good you have is but a ſhadow,
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten: how your vows are froſts,
Laſt for a night, and with the next ſun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confuſion, and ſo dead a chaos,
That love cannot diſtinguiſh. Theſe ſad texts,
Till my laſt hour I'm bound to utter of you,
So, farewel all my woe, all my delight.

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice-longing, ſlanders, mutability;
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all. For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them—yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better.

ACT III. SCENE II.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Huſband.

(8) Oh, for a horſe with wings! Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*

He

(8) Nothing can be conceived more natural and more inimitable than this impatient fondneſs of the faithful and amiable wife: ſhe no ſooner hears news of her huſband, than ſhe is immediately even for flying to him, for gliding thither in an inſtant of time: *Piſanio*'s aſſiſtance was neceſſary: ſhe knew he loved his lord; ſhe tells him ſo; how then does the jealous fondneſs of her affection break out——None could love him, none muſt long to ſee him like her: ſhe muſt be told of the place, the diſtance, the manner of going, ere it can poſſibly be told; ſhe muſt contrive how to eſcape, ſhe muſt invent an excuſe—fooliſh and impertinent; ſhe then reflects—how muſt ſhe be gone; how many ſcore miles can ſhe ride 'twixt hour and hour? how mortifying the reply! but one ſcore betwixt—not hour and hour, but ſun and ſun! diſguſted at this, ſhe wants to hear no more of it, but meditates ſolely her departure. Her truſty *Piſanio* wiſhes her to conſider of this dangerous ſtep. She replies, "It is enough for me that I ſee before me—I do that, indeed; but neither here nor here, [what is on this hand or that hand,] nor what enſues, [what is or may be the conſequence of this ſtep] but

He is at *Milford-Haven:* read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt—
(Oh, let me bate) but not like me, yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kind——Oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—ſay, and ſpeak thick:
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
To th' ſmothering of the ſenſe—how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford?* And by th' way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But firſt of all
How may we ſteal from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going,
And our return t'excuſe—but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'th' clocks behalf. But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs, ſay
She'll home to her father, and provide me, preſent,
A riding ſuit: no coſtlier than would fit
A franklin's houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prithee,

Do

but have a fog in them which I cannot pierce thro'; all things, but juſt the preſent, before my ſight are dark and miſty to me."—This is certainly a juſt and natural ſenſe of the paſſage, and conſequently, preferable to any other, which the alterations of critics render precarious.

Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Foreſt, with a Cave in* Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. (9) A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch,
Who's roof's as low as ours: ſee boys! this gate
Inſtructs

(9) *A goodly*, &c.] If the reader will be pleaſed to conſult the 2d Act and 2d Scene of the *Two noble Kinſmen*, he will find, as has been obſerved, "great ſimilitude of ſentiment, ſtyle, and ſpirit:" *Palamon* and *Arcite* are there introduced into priſon together;—*Arcite*, amongſt other things obſerves;

This is all our world——
We ſhall know nothing here but one another:
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes:
The vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Summer ſhall come, and with her all delights,
But dead cold winter muſt inhabit here ſtill.
Pal. 'Tis too true, *Arcite*. To our *Theban* hounds
That ſhook the aged foreſts with their echoes,
No more now muſt we hollow, no more ſhake
Our pointed javelin, whilſt the angry ſwine
Flies like a *Parthian* quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-ſteel'd darts. All valiant uſes,
The food and nouriſhment of noble minds,
In us two here ſhall periſh: we ſhall die,
Which is the curſe of honour, lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arc. Yet, couſin,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts riſing, two mere bleſſings,
If the gods pleaſe to hold here, a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilſt *Palamon* is with me, let me periſh,
If I think this our priſon.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Let's think this priſon a holy ſanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worſe men;
We're young, and yet deſire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common converſation,

The

Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may get thro'
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv.

The poiſon of pure ſpirits, might, like women,
Woo us, to wander from. What worthy bleſſing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together
We are an endleſs mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love: we're father, friends, acquaintance,
We are in one another, families,
I am your heir, and you are mine: this place
Is our inheritance: no hard oppreſſor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We ſhall live long, and loving: no ſurfeits ſeek us:
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the ſeas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty
A wife might part us lawfully, or buſineſs;
Quarrels conſume us: envy of ill men
Reave our acquaintance: I might ſicken, couſin,
Where you ſhould never know it, and ſo periſh
Without your noble hand to cloſe mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thouſand chances
Were we from hence wou'd ſever us.

Pal. You have made me,
(I thank you, couſin *Arcite*) almoſt wanton
With my captivity: what a miſery
It is to live abroad, and every where?
'Tis like a beaſt, methinks: I find the court here;
I'm ſure a more content, and all thoſe pleaſures
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I ſee thro' now: and am ſufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy ſhadow.
That old time, as he paſſes by, takes with him.
What had we been? been old in the court of *Creon*,
Where ſin is juſtice, luſt and ignorance,
The virtues of the great ones: couſin, *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
W' had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs the peoples curſes.

Arv. Hail, heav'n!
Bel. Now for our mountain ſport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which leſſens and ſets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war,
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd: no life to ours.
Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know
What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? we have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies, our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame, and honour, which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure. Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A ſtorm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confederate with the *Romans:* ſo
Follow'd my baniſhment, and this twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my world,
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time——But up to th' mountains,
This is not hunter's language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'th' feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.

The

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to th' king,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
They think they're mine, (10) and though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. (11) This *Paladour*,
(The

(10) *And tho'*, &c.] That paſſage is printed thus in the old editions;

——And tho' train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave whereon they bow.

which the critics have alter'd according to their ſeveral fancies and conjectures: Mr. *Theobald*, and the *Oxford* editor, read,

I'th'cave, *here on the brow.*

That is ſurely too inſignificant and inexpreſſive for *Shakeſpear*. Mr. *Warburton* gives us a more plauſible, and I think, juſt emendation—that I have admitted into the text: which the firſt lines of *Belarius*'s ſpeech ſeem to confirm;

Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys, this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns: and *bows* you
To morning holy office.

" Tho' thus meanly brought up in a cave, which is ſo low, that they muſt bow or bend in entering it; yet theſe young princes' thoughts are ſo exalted, they hit the roofs of palaces."

(11)) *This*, &c.) There is a paſſage in the *Maid's Tragedy*, (the beginning of the firſt act) which well deſerves to be compared with that in the text: *Melantius*, an old, honeſt general, thus ſpeaks of his friend:

His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it: when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boaſt,
I brought home conqueſt) he would gaze upon me,

And

(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The king his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, thus, mine enemy fell,

And

And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do thoſe things he heard:
Then wou'd he wiſh to ſee my ſword, and feel
The quickneſs of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it—He oft wou'd make me ſmile at this;
His youth did promiſe much, and his ripe age
Will ſee it all perform'd.——

Mr. *Seward* obſerves—(ſee his preface, p. xvii.) 'A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his ſword, feeling its edge, and poiſing it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expreſſive of the inward ardor and ecſtaſy of ſoul: but what is moſt obſervable is,

——And in his hand
Weigh it,——*&c.*

By this beautiful pauſe or break, the action and picture continue in view, and the poet, like *Homer*, is eloquent in ſilence. It is a ſpecies of beauty that ſhews an intimacy with that father of poetry, in whom it occurs extremely often. *Milton* has an exceeding fine one in the deſcription of his *Lazar-houſe*.

——Deſpair
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch,
And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook—but delay'd to ſtrike, *&c.*

Par. Loſt, B. 11. v. 490.

As *Shakeſpear* did not ſtudy *verſification*, ſo much as theſe poets who were converſant in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I don't remember in him any ſtriking inſtance of this ſpecies of beauty. But he even wanted it not; his ſentiments are ſo amazingly bright, that they pierce the heart at once; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the beauty and nerves adorning and invigorating the thoughts of other poets, to him are but like the bodies of angels, *azure vehicles*, through which the whole ſoul ſhines tranſparent. Of this, take the following inſtance;

This *Paladour*, &c."

See the 2d part of *Henry* VI. Act 4. Sc. 1. n. 8.

And thus I ſet my foot on's neck,—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother, *Cadwall*
(Once, *Arviragus*) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving.

SCENE IV. *Slander.*

——(12) No, 'tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

(13) Falſe to his bed! What is it to be falſe,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?——If ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That falſe to's bed!

Woman in Man's Dreſs.

(14) You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
The handmaids of all women, (or more truly
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-anſwered, ſaucy, and

As

(12) *No, 'tis,* &c.] See *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act 3. Sc. 6.

(13) *Falſe,* &c.] See *Hen.* IV. part 1. n. 8.

(14) *You muſt,* &c.] See *As you like it,* Act 1. Sc. 10.

As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh, the harder hap*,
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common kiſſing Titan; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

SCENE VII. *The Foreſt and Cave.*

Enter Imogen *in Boy's Cloaths.*

I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one;
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me: *Milford*,
When from the mountain-top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need: and falſhood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't,—'Tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt not call; I dare not call: yet famine
Ere it clean o'erthrows nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.

Labour.

* Hap, *Warb.* vulg. heart.

Labour.

——(15) Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmleſs Innocence.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. (16) Good maſters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
I have ſtol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th'floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth!
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Braggart.

(17) To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An

(15) *Wearineſs*, &c.] See *Hen.* IV. 2d part, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(16) *Good maſters*, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 8. where *Orlando*, like *Imogen*, diſtreſt for food, humbly and pathetically addreſſes himſelf to the duke and his company.

(17) *To whom*, &c.] ——Turn away my face!
I never yet ſaw enemy that look'd

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

SCENE IV. *Fool Hardineſs.*

——Being ſcarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the (18) cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

——O, thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature; how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their royal blood enchaf'd), as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,

Of

So dreadfully, but that I thought myſelf
As great a baſiliſk as he: or ſpake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Both thunder underneath as much as his.
Philaſter, Act 1.

(18) *Cure*, *Oxford* editor, vulg. *cauſe*. Mr. *Theobald* reads,

——For th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear.——

Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age, to ſixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Guid. Oh, ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

Bel. Oh, melancholy,
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom; find
The ooze to ſhew what coaſt (19) thy ſluggiſh care
Might

(19) *Thy ſluggiſh care,*] Mr. *Warburton* tells us, plauſible as this reading at firſt ſight may ſeem, all *thoſe* who know *any thing* of good writing, will agree that our author muſt have wrote,

To ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh *carrack*
Might eas'lieſt harbour in.

Carrack, is a ſlow, heavy-built veſſel of burden. To this conjecture, Mr. *Theobald*, and the *Oxford* editor, yield up *Shakeſpear*'s word, and admit *carrack* in the text. I wiſh, for my own ſake, I could be ſatisfied with it, as by not being ſo, I muſt neceſſarily incur he critic's cenſure of *knowing nothing* of *good writing*; however, I muſt confeſs, the word immediately ſounds to me not like *Shakeſpear*'s: and 'whatever propriety there may be in it,' according to Mr. *Warburton*, 'to deſign a melancholy perſon,' I can by no means think it our author's: a much more natural word, (was there need of alteration) perhaps many readers would have thought *bark:* yet that, nor any other ſeems neceſſary to the ſenſe and beauty of the paſſage. 'Oh, melancholy, (thou deep ſea) who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? who ever yet could find the ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh *care* (or charge) might eas'lieſt harbour in?' *Melancholy* is repreſented unto us under the allegory of a deep ſea, and the grief or affliction that occaſions the falling into *melancholy*, is beautifully ſuppoſed its ſluggiſh *care*, its burden or charge ſailing over that ſea, and ſeeking ſome harbour to land, *i. e.* to get free from the waters of melancholy: which the poet, by a beautiful interrogation, acquaints us, cannot be done: when once *ſorrow* embarks, and grief launches her *heavy-laden* veſſel in the ocean of *melancholy*, no bottom is to be found, no harbour to be made, no deliverance to be obtained from this fathomleſs and boundleſs ſea.——This appears

Might eas'lieſt harbour in? Thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightſt have made: but ah!
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber;
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clotted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but ſleeps:
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With faireſt flowers,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath; the raddock would
With charitable bill (oh, bill ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To (20) winter-ground thy corſe——
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *Bel.*

pears to me the true, and, I think, exquiſitely fine ſenſe of the paſſage: the reader will be the beſt judge, ſtill remembering if poſſible, we ſhould elevate our ideas to thoſe of our author, and not correct him to a level with our own apprehenſions when we cannot enter into his ſpirit: my attempt, at leaſt upon this conſideration, will be excuſed, and (if I am miſtaken) my miſtakes obtain a pardon.

(20) *Winter-ground.*] Mr. *Warburton* diſpleaſed at this would read *Winter-gown:* the reading in the text makes good ſenſe, and, is, I think, therefore to be preferred.

Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: the mean, and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt, yet (21) reverence,
The angel of the world, doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guid. Pray thee, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' ſun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney-ſweepers come to duſt.
Arv. Fear no more the frown o'th' great,
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, phyſic, muſt
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. Fear no more the lightning flaſh.
Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.
Guid. Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh,
Arv. Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.

Imogen *awaking.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?—
I thank you—by yond buſh—pray, how far thither?—
'Ods pitikins—can it be ſix miles yet?—
I've

(21) *Reverence.*] See the paſſage on *Ceremony*, in *Henry* V.

I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But ſoft! no bedfellow!—Oh, gods and goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the body.*
Theſe flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope, I dream;
For, ſure, I thought I was a cave-keeper:
And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven, as ſmall (22) a drop of pity
As a wren's eye: oh, gods! a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Routed Army.

(23) No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the king himſelf,
Of

(22) *A drop of pity:*] So *Othello* ſays,

I ſhou'd have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience.

Mr. *Theobald* obſerves, 'tho' this expreſſion is very pathetic in both places of our author, it brings to my mind a very humorous paſſage in the *Acharnenſes* of *Ariſtophanes*. An *Athenian* ruſtic, in time of war, is robbed of a yoke of oxen by the *Bœotians*: he has almoſt cry'd his eyes out for the loſs of his cattle, and comes to beg for a *drop* of *peace* in a quill, to anoint his eyes with.'

————Συδ' αλλα μοι, &c.

One drop of peace at leaſt, I pray you, pour
Into this quill, to bathe mine eyes.

(23) *No blame.*] This deſcription is truly claſſical, and deſerves to be placed in competition with the fineſt in *Homer* and *Virgil*, both

Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britons* ſeen; all flying
Thro' a ſtrait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merely through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Death.

(24) I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor

both of whom abound with numberleſs paſſages of the like nature: the learned reader will want no direction to find them out; however ſuch as are not ſo well acquainted with the ancients, may be agreeably amuſed by turning to the 12th *Iliad*, and 122d line, and the latter end of the 11th book of the *Æneid*. In *Lucan* too, he will meet with ſome fine deſcriptions of routs and ſlaughters: in the 7th book of his *Pharſalia*, he has ſomething very like *Shakeſpear's*;

——Having work
More plentiful than tools to do't.——

The poet ſays;

The victors murder, and the vanquiſh'd bleed;
Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die. *Rowe.*

But perhaps, no poet, ancient or modern, can equal our blind bard on this ſubject; his battle of the angels, their rout and headlong expulſion from heaven are too well known and admired to need particular remarking here.

(24) *I—charm'd*, &c.] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* anceſtors, and ſo is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition, which made *Eraſmus*, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation his proper characteriſtic, ſay, 'the *Germans* pleaſe themſelves with the ſtrength of their bodies, and *their knowledge of magic*.' And *Prior*, in his *Alma*;

Nor feel him where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters then we,
That draw his knives i'th' war.

North-Britons hence have ſecond ſight,
And *Germans free* from *gun ſhot fight*. Warb.

Aubrey, in the 1ſt Scene, and 5th Act of the *Bloody Brother*, ſpeaking of death, ſays;

Am I afraid of death, of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms and fears,
Now on the points of ſwords, now pitch'd on lances.
In fires, in ſtorms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And ſhall I now ſhrink from him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of ſanctity.

General Obſervation.

Mr. *Pope* (ſays *Steevens*) ſuppoſed the ſtory of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of *Boccace*; but he was miſtaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old ſtory-book entitled, *Weſtward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian noveliſt, as from *Shakeſpear*, though they concur in the more conſiderable parts of the fable. It was publiſhed in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto ſeen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is ſaid to have been written by *Kitt of Kingſton*.

IV.

Hamlet.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Prodigies.

IN the moſt high and (1) palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueek and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,

Stars

(1) *Palmy*] *i. e.* Victorious——to *gibber*, is to chatter or make a gnaſhing with the teeth. *Diſaſter*, (ſays *Skinner*, and as its derivation plainly ſpeaks) ſignifies *malignum ſidus*, an *evil ſtar*; and by the aſtrologiſts it was uſed for an *evil* or *unlucky conjunction of ſtars*; the great repute of that art, and the influence the ſtars were ſuppoſed to have on man's life, gave it the ſignification we now uſe it in. *Shakeſpear* uſes it in its primary ſenſe. The learned reader will eaſily recollect the accounts given by the *hiſtorians*, of the prodigies preceding the death of *Julius Cæſar*: our author ſeems neither to have been unacquainted with that fine digreſſion in *Virgil*'s firſt *Georgic* concerning them, nor the account of them in *Ovid*, which 'tis probable he might have imitated from *Virgil*: I ſhall beg leave to ſubjoin them both.

* He firſt the fate of *Cæſar* did foretel,
And pitied *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæſar* fell.
In Iron clouds conceal'd the public light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone;
Nature herſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun:

Earth,

* *The Sun.*

Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun, and the moiſt ſtar,

Upon

Earth, air and ſeas with prodigies were ſign'd,
And birds obſcene and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did *Etna*'s bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clan'rs were heard in *German* ſkies afar,
Of arms and armies ruſhing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the ſolid *Alps* below
And from their ſummits ſhook th'eternal ſnow:
Pale ſpectres in the cloſe of night were ſeen,
And voices heard of more than mortal men,
In ſilent groves dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
And ſtreams ran backward, and their beds forſook:
The yawning earth diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell,
The weeping ſtatues did the war foretel,
And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.
Then riſing in his might the king of floods,
Ruſh'd thro' the foreſts, tore the lofty woods,
And rolling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and lab'ring hinds away:
Blood ſprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the prieſts affright;
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
Red meteors ran acroſs th' ethereal ſpace,
Stars diſappear'd, and comets took their place.

Dryden.

Garth's Ovid, B. 15. p. 354.

Among the clouds, were heard the dire alarms
Of echoing trumpets, and of clanging arms:
The ſun's pale image gave ſo faint a light,
That the ſad earth was almoſt veil'd in night;
The æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd,
With ſtorms of hail were mingled drops of blood:
A duſky hue the morning ſtar o'erſpread,
And the moon's orb was ſtain'd with ſpots of red:
In every place portentous ſhrieks were heard,
The fatal warnings of th' infernal bird:
In every place the marble melts to tears,
While in the groves, rever'd thro' length of years,
Boding and awful ſounds the ear invade,
And ſolemn muſic *warbles* thro' the ſhade:

No

Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doomſday with eclipſe.

Ghoſts vaniſh at the crowing of the Cock, and the Reverence paid to Chriſtmas-Time.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,

(2) No

No victim can atone the impious age;
No ſacrifice the wrathful gods aſſuage:
Dire wars and civil fury threat the ſtate,
And ev'ry omen points out *Cæſar's* fate:
Around each hallow'd ſhrine and ſacred dome,
Night-howling dogs diſturb the peaceful gloom;
Their ſilent ſeats and wand'ring ſhades forſake,
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city ſhake.

(Welſted.)

The originals conſiſt, the firſt of 23 lines, the latter of 16, the tranſlations of 31 and 22 lines: *Shakeſpear* has but eight, and perhaps, were we to ſay he was as expreſſive and elegant as *Virgil* and *Ovid* on this ſubject, we might not be tax'd with too great partiality to him: however, it may be no diſagreeable amuſement to the reader to compare theſe three paſſages together, allowing for the great ſpirit the ancients muſt loſe in a tranſlation. See too *Julius Cæſar*, A. 2. S. 4.

(2) No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

Morning.

(3) But look, the morn in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.

SCENE II. *Real Grief.*

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.

Immoderate Grief diſcommended.

'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know your father loſt a father
That father his, and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation for ſome term

To

(2) *No fairy takes.*] The poet here plainly alludes to that well-known characteriſtic of the fairies, their *taking away*, or changing children: the whole diſpute in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, between *Oberon* and *Titania*, is concerning a boy ſhe had *taken* away, or ſtolen from its mother: the reader will find a pretty fable on this ſubject in *Gay's Fables*: and indeed the thing is ſo generally known by all read in the œconomy of theſe *little dapper elves*, it needs not inſiſting on.

(3) *But*, &c.] See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act. 1. Sc. 8. and the note.

To do obſequious ſorrow. (4) But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, does expreſs
An impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief,
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any of the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd
From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo.

Hamlet's *Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.*

(5) O, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew;

Or

(4) *But to*, &c.] *Juvenal* ſays, *(Sat.* 13.*)*

Ponamus nimios gemitus: flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major.

Abate thy paſſion nor too much complain,
Grief ſhould be forc'd: and it becomes a man
To let it riſe no higher than his pain.

Creech.

(5) *O, that*, &c.] The late tranſlator of *Longinus* obſerves, upon that *ſection*, (the 22d) where his excellent author is ſpeaking of the *Hyperbaton*, "That nothing can better illuſtrate his remarks than a celebrated paſſage in *Shakeſpear's Hamlet*, where the poet's art has hit off the ſtrongeſt and moſt exact reſemblance of nature. The behaviour of his mother makes ſuch impreſſion on the young prince, that his mind is big with abhorrence of it, but expreſſions fail him: he begins abruptly, but as reflections crowd thick upon his mind, he runs off into commendations of his father. Some time after, his thoughts turn again on that action of his mother, which had rais'd his reſentments, but he only touches it, and flies off again;

Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! Oh, God! oh, God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world.
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much, not two—
So excellent a king, that was to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That

gain; in ſhort, he takes up eighteen lines in telling us that his mother married again in leſs than two months after her huſband's death."

Speaking of *ſelf-ſlaughter*, in *Cymbeline*, he ſays;

'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine
That cravens my weak mind.

Hyperion was a name of the *ſun*; *Hamlet*, afterwards ſpeaking of his father, ſays;

See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hyperion's curls.

Mr. *Dryden* obſerves, on the famous

——*Varium & mutabile ſemper*
Fœmina——

of *Virgil*, that it is the ſharpeſt ſatire in theſe weſt words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* muſt be underſtood to make them grammar. Mr. *Theobald* is of opinion, this of *Shakſpear*——*Frailty thy name is woman*, is, as being equally conciſe in the terms, and more ſprightly in the thought and image, to be preferred to *Virgil*, and the ſharper ſatire of the two.

It is, I think, obſerved, either in the *Tatlers* or *Spectators*, how greatly *Hamlet* exaggerates his mother's offence by continually leſſening the time ſhe ſtayed before her ſecond marriage. 'Tis at firſt two months—then immediately not ſo much as two—preſently after 'tis within a month; that is again leſſened—'twas not only within a month, but within a little month—nay, even before her eyes were dry, and no longer gall'd with her moſt unrighteous tears.

That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Muſt I remember?—why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month?—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty thy name is woman:
A little month!—or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why ſhe, even ſhe—
O heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

SCENE IV. *A complete Man.*

(6) He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

SCENE

(6) *He*, &c.] This (as Mr. *Whalley* obſerves in his *Enquiry into the learning of* Shakeſpear) will perhaps be thought too much the ſuggeſtion of nature and the human heart, to be taken from a place of *Sophocles*, to which it has great affinity;

Παντων αριστον ανδρα των επι χθονι
Κτεινας' οποιον αλλον ουκ οψει ποτε.
Trachin. v. 821.

Which in the moſt literal tranſlation, is,

You've kill'd the very beſt of men on earth,
And ſhall not look upon his like again.

In *Cymbeline* there is a character very ſimilar to this;

——A creature ſuch
As to ſeek through the regions of the earth,

For

SCENE V. *Cautions to young Ladies.*

(7) For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent: tho' ſweet, not laſting;
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.——
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,

The

For one his like, there wou'd be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare.

See the firſt page of that play.

(7) See *All's well that ends well*, Sc. 7.

In *Philaſter*, poor injured *Arethuſa* thus complains;

Where may a maiden live ſecurely free,
Keeping her honour ſafe? not with the living,
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams
And make them truths; they draw a nouriſhment
Out of defamings, grow upon diſgraces,
And when they ſee a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues;
Oh, how they caſt to ſink it: and defeated
(Soul-ſick with poiſon), ſtrike the monuments
Where noble names lie ſleeping; till they ſweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Act 3. *towards the end.*

The canker galls the (8) infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Paſtors.

I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep
(9) As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew

(8) *Infants of the ſpring.*]

Abortive as the firſt bloom of ſpring,
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's froſt.

Milton's Sampſon Agoniſtes.

(9) *As watchmen.*] All the common editions read *watchman*; I ſuſpected the word, and turning to the folios, found it *watchmen*, which appears to me certainly right: *the effects as watchmen.*

Reckleſs is the ſame as *careleſs*, which is read in ſome editions, and is, I think, the preferable word; as *recks* not his own, *read* (*i. e. regards* not his own *doctrine*) ſo immediately follows. *Spenſer* in his *Calender*, greatly reproves thoſe ungracious paſtors, who are ſaid here to tread the primroſe paths of dalliance, and pay no regard to the good leſſons they teach their flocks: ſee *July*: and *Milton* is not ſparing of his ſatire on this ſubject: he thus reprehends the too proud and ungracious paſtors;

How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy-bidden gueſt:
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them! what need they? They are ſped,
And when they liſt their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipe of wretched ſtraw:
The hungry ſheep look up and are not fed,
But ſwol'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion ſpread, &c.

Lycidas.

Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n,
Whilſt, like a puft and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe paths of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to Travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with (10) hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all, to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.

SCENE

(10) *Hooks.*] Alluding to the grappling-hooks made uſe of at ſea: ſome would read *hoops*, but we cannot be ſaid to grapple any thing with a hoop. In the lines where the poet ſpeaks of the habit, he evidently had this paſſage from the 19th ch. and 30th ver. of *Eccleſiaſticus* in view.

A man's attire, and exceſſive laughter, and gait ſhew what he is.

As moſt probably, in the concluſion, where he ſpeaks of being true to one's ſelf, he had this fine verſe in the 49th *Pſalm*.

So long as thou doſt well unto thyſelf, men will ſpeak good of thee. ver. 18.

See *All's well that ends well.* p. 1. and n.

SCENE VII. Hamlet, *on the Appearance of his Father's* Ghoſt.

Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell;
Be (11) thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou

(11) *Thy intents*] *Hamlet*, we ſee by the foregoing line, doubted whether this was a good or an evil ſpirit; that is, whether its *intents* were to ſerve or harm him: of this too his friends doubted as we ſee in the next ſpeech; and he himſelf again diſcovers the ſame fears at the latter end of the fine ſpeech, Act 2. Sc. 8. By *queſtionable*, now, we generally mean *diſputable*; here it ſignifies —*inviting queſtion*. The line—*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death*, hath a good deal perplexed the critics, and is indeed very obſcure: Mr. *Warburton* alters the paſſage; for *canoniz'd bones*, "ſignifying only bones to which the rites of ſepulture have been performed, and *inhuming* being one of the eſſential rites, it is neceſſary that be mentioned, which unleſs we read——*hearſed in earth*, he aſſures us it is not; *hearſed* being uſed figuratively for *repoſited*, and death being a privation only, *hearſed in death* is nonſenſe." Thus he would alter the paſſage—Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in the rage of correction, gives us;

Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth.

But if we let the paſſage ſtand as it doth, is it not poſſible to give it ſome ſenſe? *Shakeſpear* is bold in his uſe of words, and licentious in his manner: it is not improbable, he might uſe death for the grave, and that by no very far-fetch'd alluſion; and then the paſſage is clear; why thy bones canonized, *i. e.* buried according to canon, and hearſed in death, *i. e.* ſafely repoſited in the grave. —Thus, even according to Mr. *Warburton's* ſenſe of the words, the paſſage ſeems to be defenſible: but may we not aſk, whether the ſenſe of this paſſage renders not the two parts of the ſentence the ſame? for if his bones were *canoniz'd*, that is, had all the rites of ſepulture paid to them, it follows of courſe, they were *hearſed in death* or earth, repoſited in the grave. Mr. *Warburton* ſays, "*canoniz'd* cannot ſignify (what it uſually does) *made holy or ſainted*, for we are told, he was murdered with all his ſins freſh upon him, and therefore in no way to be ſainted." But we may obſerve, it is a ſon, full of the perfections of his father, (whoſe equal, he tells us, the world could not produce) that here ſpeaks; no wonder then he ſhould uſe the higheſt compliment: beſide,

Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royal *Dane*; Oh, anſwer me!
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous? And us fools of nature,
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

The Miſchiefs it might tempt him to.

(12) What if it tempts you towards the flood, my lord,

Or

as to his being murdered with all his ſins upon him, that we know nothing of at preſent: 'tis the ghoſt himſelf only, that informs his ſon of that; and as he died not by murder, according to the general report, he was very likely to have been canoniz'd; it was very probable, his wife and brother might have got him ſainted, out of their abundant *love* and *zeal* for him, when dead, and the better to conceal their deviliſh purpoſes; ſo that if we underſtand the word in this ſenſe, a better meaning may be given the paſſage.

" Tell me, oh my father, (ſays the dutiful and amazed *Hamlet,*) why this wonder happens; why I ſee you again on earth; why thoſe bones have burſt their cearment, which, lately made holy and ſainted, were hearſed in death, were repoſited in the grave, or, at the time of your death: this increaſes my admiration; hadſt thou not had the rites of ſepulture, or only the common rites, I might have been leſs aſtoniſhed; but thy bones were not only *hearſed in death*, not only properly and duly entomb'd, but made ſacred too: why then has the ſepulchre op'd her marble jaws? why behold we again the buried and hallow'd *Hamlet* on the earth?

(12) *What*, &c.] See the famous deſcription of *Dover-Cliff*, in *King Lear*, Act 4. Sc. 6. *Butks*, i.e. hangs over; in the ſame manner

Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea,

And

ner as the head of a *beetle* hangs over, and is too big for the reſt of its body: ſo, we ſay, a *beetle-headed* or *beetle-brow'd* fellow, for a heavy, thick-headed one. The line.

Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,

has ſomething in it truly *Shakeſpearian: deprive*, is uſed in its primary ſenſe, according to our author's frequent method: which might deprive, *i. e.* take away your ſovereignty of reaſon, *i. e.* your ſovereign reaſon. Mr. *Warburton*, at all adventures, condemns the paſſage. "*Deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon*, i. e. deprive your ſovereignty of its reaſon. Nonſenſe. *Sovereignty of reaſon* is the ſame as ſovereign or ſupreme reaſon: reaſon which governs man. And thus it was uſed by the beſt writers of thoſe times. *Sidney* ſays, *It is time for us both to let reaſon enjoy its due ſovereignty.* Arcad. And King *Charles*, at once to betray *the ſovereignty of reaſon* in my ſoul. Εικων Βασιλικη. It is evident that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Deprave your ſovereignty of reaſon.

i. e. diſorder your underſtanding and *draw you into madneſs.* afterwards——

Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune.

Warburton.

The reader, I dare ſay, will not be diſpleaſed with this note of Mr. *Warburton*; as it ſeems the beſt that could be given to confirm the reading in the text; *deprive your*, &c. may be properly explained as he deſires, *i. e. diſorder your underſtanding and draw you* into madneſs: for was it to deprive his ſovereignty of reaſon, or *take it away*——that muſt be the conſequence. If the paſſage is tranſlated literally into *Latin*, the learned reader will immediately ſee its propriety: it may be unneceſſary, perhaps, to add, he uſes, *contrive*, in the ſame manner, in its primary ſenſe: *contrive an afternoon*, i. e. ſpend an afternoon together. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. as he does frequently two ſubſtantives to expreſs one thing; ſo, in *Othello*;

As when by *night and negligence* a fire
Is ſpied——

i. e. fire occaſioned by nightly negligence. And in numberleſs other places.

And there aſſume ſome horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? Think of it,
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

SCENE VIII. (13) *Enter* Ghoſt *and* Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulph'rous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold. *Ham.*

as

(13) *Enter*, &c.] The preſent ſcene betwixt *Hamlet* and the Ghoſt is ſo truly excellent and inimitable, that I dare ſay, I ſhall need no apology with the reader for giving it whole and entire. The Ghoſt, in peaking of the horrors of purgatory, ſays, he was confin'd to *faſt* in fires; upon which Mr. *Theobald* judiciouſly obſerves, that it is the opinion of the religion here repreſented (the *Roman catholic*) that *faſting* purifies the ſoul here, as the fire does in the purgatory here alluded to; and the ſoul muſt be purg'd either by faſting here, or burning hereafter. This opinion, *Shakeſpear* again hints at, where he makes *Hamlet* ſay, *He took my father groſſly, full of bread:* and we are to obſerve, it is a common ſaying of the *Romiſh* prieſts to their people, "If you won't faſt here, you muſt faſt in fire."—It is a little ſurpriſing any commentator on our author, after this obſervation, could think of altering the paſſage and miſerably degrading it either into,

Confin'd *too* faſt in fires: Or, *Confined* faſt in fires:

both of which to every true reader of *Shakeſpear*, carry their own conviction: he could never have expreſs'd himſelf ſo meanly on ſuch an occaſion, nor would have made his ghoſt talk of being *confined faſt* or *too faſt* in fires: *confin'd* in *fires* had been enough,

and

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I cou'd a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O, liſt!
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love.
Ham. O, heaven!

Ghoſt.

and much more poetical, was that all he had to have inform'd us of. The words *burnt and purg'd away*, ſhew the propriety of the reading in the text. When the *Ghoſt*, in telling his ſon, he was glad to find him ſo ready for revenge—adds, *duller ſhouldſt* thou be than the fat weed that roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe's wharf wouldſt thou not ſtir in this*—(for *ſhould* and *would* are quite proper in their places; ſo we ſay,—I *ſhould* have eſteem'd you a coward *wou'd* you not have done ſo and ſo, and indeed the words are uſed very licentiouſly the one for the other) when I ſay, the *Ghoſt* talks of *Lethe's* wharf, we ſee the ſame inconſiſtence as in *Michael Angelo's* famous picture of the laſt judgment, where he introduces *Charon's* bark: Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, poſſibly *Shakeſpear* might do it to inſinuate to the zealous proteſtants of his time, that the pagan and popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility. *Taſſo*, in his *Gieruſalemma Liberata*, very licentiouſly mixes the Chriſtian and heathen ſyſtem, tho' he is writing a Chriſtian poem, and in one ſtanza calls the *devil*,

The ancient foe to man, and mortal ſeed,

yet in the immediately ſubſequent ones, he introduces *Silenus*, the ſphinges, centaurs, gorgons, &c.—See C. 4. S. 1, 4, 5.

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe's* wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear;
'Tis given out that, ſleeping in my garden,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's heart,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic ſoul, my uncle!
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to ſeduce;) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous queen.
O, *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But ſoft; methinks, I ſcent the morning air,——
Brief let me be: ſleeping within my garden,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,

And

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſilver it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a ſudden vigor, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once diſpatch'd;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
(14) Unhouſell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd, No

(14) *Unhouſel'd*, &c.] This line has created the editors much trouble: both the words and the ſenſe of them having been diſputed. The old editions read, unhouzzell'd, diſappointed, unaneal'd.—Of the ſignification of the firſt word their is no diſpute, all agreeing, *unhouſel'd* means, *without having receiv'd* the *(houſel)* hoſt, or euchariſt: the ſecond, Mr. *Theobald* alters to *unappointed*, which he explains by, "*un confeſſion* of ſins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church." This reading is generally diſregarded, and we find *unanointed* almoſt univerſally prevail, the ſenſe of which, as indiſputably as of the firſt word in the line, is determined to be, *without extreme unction: unaneal'd*, now alone remains unconſider'd; Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *it* muſt ſignify, *without extreme unction*; Mr. *Pope* explains it by *no knell rung*: the *Oxford* editor, by *unprepared*; and his explication is certainly moſt juſt: "to *anneal* or *neal* in its primitive and proper ſenſe, is to prepare metals or glaſs by the force of fire, for the different uſes of the manufactures in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative ſenſe to a dying perſon, who when prepared by impreſſions of piety, by repentance, confeſſion, abſolution, and other acts of religion, may be ſaid to be *anneal'd* for death." Thus, as it ſeems, the ſenſe of the words is clear, and the paſſage plain. I apprehend the word ſhould certainly have been *unaknell'd*, to bear the ſenſe Mr. *Pope* gives it: however, be that as it will, we muſt certainly allow Mr. *Pope* to have been a proper commentator here. There are more arguments ſtill to ſupport the reading in the text: an attentive perſon muſt find great pleaſure, in looking, as it were, into the mind of his author;

No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,

Taint

and, as our thoughts on any ſubject always ſucceed in train, and are nicely aſſociated, be much delighted with finding out that train, and tracing thoſe *aſſociations*. Let us ſee if we cannot do ſo in this paſſage: the poet is ſpeaking of the misfortune of being cut off in the bloſſom of our ſins, when we have had no means to atone for them, or to receive the benefits of religion: theſe benefits then muſt naturally ariſe in the mind: the greateſt of which it is natural to ſuppoſe would occur firſt, the *bleſſed ſacrament*, the immediate conſequence of which is, *extreme unction*, two ſo important and neceſſary branches of duty, that the loſs of theſe was the loſs of all, and we may reaſonably expect he ſhould particularize no more, but add—I was not only deprived of theſe, but alſo of every other *preparation*, and without any kind of reckoning made, ſent to my laſt and horrible account. If we were to admit Mr. *Pope*'s ſenſe of the word, we muſt imagine our author's thoughts carried ſtill farther; "without the hoſt, without unction, without enjoying the benefits of the *paſſing* bell," which uſed to toll while the perſon lay expiring, and thence was ſo called: nay, this ſhocking cuſtom ſtill prevails in ſome parts of *England*. The run of the line is no bad argument in ſupport of the reading in the text: this manner of beginning each word with the ſame ſyllable is not unfrequent with the *Greek* tragedians, nor our beſt poets; and beſides it adds great ſtrength and beauty.

Unreſpited, unpitied, unreprov'd.

Milton Par. Loſt. B. 2. 125.

Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrified.

——————B. 5. 899.

And numberleſs other inſtances, if neceſſary, might eaſily be brought. Mr. *Upton* explains *diſappointed* and *unaneal'd* the ſame as Mr. *Theobald*, whom he condemns for altering *diſappointed*; which he eſteems the genuine reading, and tells us, "He cannot but admire the ignorance as well as boldneſs of thoſe editors who have changed it." *Obſervations on* Shakeſpear, page 181.

Taint not thy mind, (15) nor let thy ſoul deſign
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To goad and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O, all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O, fy! hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor *Ghoſt*, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter; yes, by heaven;
O, moſt pernicious woman!
O, villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain;
My tables;—meet it is I ſet down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure he may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
It is, adieu, adieu; remember me!

ACT

(15) *Nor let*, &c.] The author in this noble ſentiment, doubtleſs alluded to the well-known ſtory of *Oreſtes*, and his mother *Clytemneſtra*. It would be unneceſſary to ſay any thing concerning the ſimilarity of this play to the celebrated *Electra* of *Sophocles*; as, I believe, there is ſcarce an editor or commentator on *Shakeſpear*, that has not mentioned ſomething concerning it. The reader, if he thinks proper, may conſult Mr. *Rowe*'s Life of the author, (towards the end) or Mr. *Gildon*'s Remarks on *Hamlet*, or rather, perhaps, than either, Mr. *Upton*'s Obſervations, p. 49. 2d ed. It will too, poſſibly, be thought unneceſſary to add, that it is reported, all this fine ſcene betwixt *Hamlet* and the *Ghoſt*, was written by *Shakeſpear*, in a charnel-houſe.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ophelia's *Deſcription of* Hamlet's *mad Addreſs to her.*

(16) My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Prince *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous, in purport
As if he had been looſed out of hell
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it: long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,

As

(16) *My lord*, &c.] Nothing can expreſs the hurry of ſpirits and agitation of mind *Ophelia* was in, more naturally than this deſcription ſhe gives us: 'tis another fine inſtance of *Shakeſpear's* excellence in the *Hyperbaton*, which the reader will remember we remark'd juſt before.

The reader will obſerve it is ſaid—he came with his ſtockings *looſe*, *ungarter'd*, and *down-gyred* to his ankle; that is, roll'd or turn'd down to his ankle; but to me there appears no difference in *looſe* and *ungarter'd*, if they were looſe, 'twas unneceſſary to add *ungarter'd*, and ſo *vice verſa*: the folios read, *foul'd*; now this gives another circumſtance at leaſt, and tho' *looſe* and *ungarter'd* might be juſtified, yet *foul'd* expreſſes an additional mark of his madneſs and neglect of himſelf, and is, therefore, (in my judgment) to be preferr'd: perhaps the reader may think, *looſed*, uſed in the ſubſequent lines, an argument in favour of the word I would ſupport.

As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Old-Age.

Beſhrew my jealouſy,
It ſeems it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

SCENE VI. *Happineſs conſiſts in Opinion.*

Why then 'tis none to you:
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it ſo:
To me it is a priſon.

Hamlet's *Account of his own Melancholy, and Reflections on Man.*

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exerciſes, and indeed it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory: this moſt excellent canopy the air, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man: how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quinteſſence of duſt? Man

delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo (17).

SCENE VIII. Hamlet's *Reflections on the Player and himſelf.*

O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That

(17) We have in the next ſcene ſome ſpeeches from a play, which ſeems to have been a favourite of *Shakeſpear*'s: the critics have been greatly divided in their opinions concerning the real excellence of the paſſages quoted: it is not my buſineſs to determine any thing concerning them, when ſelecting the *Beauties* of *Shakeſpear*: however, in deference to the judgment of our poet, I thought it incumbent upon me to quote the few lines following, which ſeem to merit all the commendation *Shakeſpear* gives them, but particularly the ſimile:

——Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe: and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo! his ſword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam* ſeem'd to ſtick i'th'air:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orbs below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region.——So after, *&c.*

Mr. *Warburton* is of opinion, the play here mentioned was *Shakeſpear*'s own: compoſed by him on the model of the *Greek* drama, with a deſign of reſtoring the chaſtneſs and regularity of the ancient ſtage: but failing in the attempt, he was forced back to his old *Gothic* manner: for which he took this revenge upon his audience.

The reader, if he thinks it worth while, may ſee more upon this ſubject, in the 8th vol. of *Warburton*'s edition of *Shakeſpear*, page 267.

That from her working, all his viſage (18) warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,—
For *Hecuba*? What's

(18) *Warm'd*] Mr. *Warburton* reads, *wan'd, i. e.* turn'd pale or *wan*, for which he has the authority of the old quarto: the paſſage here is very confuſed, and the grammar very difficult to be made out: which is an inſtance of the author's great knowledge of nature, in thus making *Hamlet*'s language to expreſs the preſent hurry and fluctuation of his mind: I have often doubted the words, *with forms*. The words, *Ha? why I ſhou'd take it*—are from the folio: 'tis read in the other editions, *yet I ſhou'd take it*—any reader of taſte will immediately ſee the ſuperior force and energy in the reading here adopted: he, as it were, deliberates with himſelf——Ha---why I ſhould take even this, for it cannot be *but* I am, *&c.*——Soon after which, he runs into a wild denouncing of revenge; and in the folio, ends with, *Oh, vengeance*, as it is here printed, which I admire the late editors have omitted; as to me, it conveys a great beauty. He is going on with his fiery and zealous indignation, and calls out Oh, vengeance——to which, when he is preparing to ſay ſomething, by a moſt elegant break, he returns to himſelf, and as it were recollecting, cries——Why, what an aſs am I?——This is moſt brave, *&c.*

Nothing can exceed the compliment *Shakeſpear* pays his own art, in the following lines: it is generally imagined he alludes to a ſtory told of *Alexander*, a tyrant of *Pherea* in *Theſſaly*, who being preſent at a play of *Euripides*, called the *Troades*, was ſo ſenſibly touch'd that he withdrew from the theatre before the tragedy was concluded: being aſhamed, as he himſelf confeſſed, that he, who never had any pity for thoſe he murdered, ſhould weep at the ſufferings of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*. The reader, if he turns back to the 24th page, will find a ſpeech there expreſſing the ſame dread *Hamlet* entertains of this ſpirit's being a wicked one ſent to abuſe him: *Oreſtes*, too, in the *Electra* of *Euripides* entertains the ſame doubt that *Hamlet* does:

Oreſtes. Αρ αυτ' αλαςωρ ειπ' απεικ σθεις θεω;
Electra. Ιερου καθιζων τριποδ'; εγω μεν ȣ δοκω.

Oreſt. Hath not ſome *evil ſpirit* ſpoke theſe things,
Aſſuming the gods likeneſs?

Elect. On his ſeat,
The ſacred tripod? I by no means think ſo.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? What wou'd he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate acroſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by the noſe, gives me the lie i'th'throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I ſhould take it—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, leacherous, kindleſs villain!
Oh, vengeance!——
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab;
A (19) ſcullion,—fie upon't—foh! about my brain!
I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:

For

(19) *A Scullion*] The foregoing word, *drab*, ſeems to countenance *ſcullion:* like a *drab*, a *ſcullion*, the very meaneſt and loweſt of the vulgar. Mr. *Theobald* propoſed, and the *Oxford* editor has adopted, *cullion*, i. e. a mean-ſpirited, white-liver'd fellow, a bully, a ſtupid cuddon. *Ital. Coglione.*

For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before my uncle; I'll obſerve his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen
May be the devil; and the devil may have power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hypocriſy.

We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. O, tis too true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek beautied with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.

SCENE II. *Life and Death weigh'd.*

(20) To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer

The

(20) For a particular inſtance of the difference betwixt the poet and the genius, let us go to two ſpeeches upon the very ſame ſubject by thoſe two authors: I mean the two famous ſoliloquies of *Cato* and *Hamlet*. The ſpeech of the firſt is that of a ſcholar, a philoſopher, and a man of virtue: all the ſentiments

of

The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
(21) Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And

of ſuch a ſpeech are to be acquired by inſtruction, by reading, by converſation: *Cato* talks the language of the porch and academy. *Hamlet*, on the other hand, ſpeaks that of the human heart, ready to enter upon a deep, a dreadful, a deciſive act: his is the real language of mankind, of its higheſt to its loweſt order; from the king to the cottager; from the philoſopher to the peaſant. It is a language which a man may ſpeak without learning; yet no learning can improve, nor philoſophy mend it. This cannot be ſaid of *Cato*'s ſpeech. It is dictated from the head rather than the heart; by courage rather than nature. It is the ſpeech of pre-determined reſolution, and not of human infirmity: it is the language of uncertainty, not of perturbation; it is the language of doubting; but of ſuch doubts, as the ſpeaker is prepared to cut aſunder if he cannot reſolve them. The words of *Cato* are not like thoſe of *Hamlet*, the emanations of the ſoul; they are therefore improper for a ſoliloquy, where the diſcourſe is ſuppoſed to be held with the heart, that fountain of truth. *Cato* ſeems inſtructed as to all his doubts: while irreſolute he appears determined; and beſpeaks his quarters, while he queſtions whether there is lodging. How different from this is the conduct of *Shakeſpear* on the ſame occaſion! See *Guthrie's Eſſay on Tragedy*, p. 25, 26. and p. 97. Vol. II.

(21) *Or to*, &c.] The critics greatly diſguſted at the impropriety of *Shakeſpear*'s metaphors, and not conceiving what he could mean by taking arms *againſt a ſea*, have either inſerted in their text, or propoſed, *aſſail* or *aſſailing*, and the like: but there is *none ſo frigid a reader* of *Shakeſpear*, as to admit ſuch alterations. Propriety in his metaphors, was never one of the concerns of our author: ſo that if we were to correct every place where we find ill-join'd metaphors, we may alter many of his fineſt paſſages: the expreſſion of *taking arms*, ſignifies no more than putting ourſelves in a ſtate of oppoſition and defence; by *a ſea* of troubles, according to the common uſe of the word *ſea*, in the poets and other writers, he expreſſes no more than a *confluence*, a vaſt quantity, *&c.*——beſides, *a ſea of troubles*, is generally uſed to expreſs the approach of human ills, and the misfortunes that flow in upon us, and it was among the *Greeks* a proverbial expreſſion, κακων θαλασσα. Thus we may in a good meaſure juſtify the expreſſion; at leaſt it is plain enough to be underſtood, and I think we may with as much certainty pronounce it *genuine*, as ſome critics pronounce it falſe.

When I read over the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides*, I mark'd a paſſage greatly ſimilar to the following lines; and on reading Mr. *Whalley*

And by oppoſing end them? To die,—to ſleep;—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die,—to ſleep;—

To

Whalley on *Shakeſpear*'s learning, found he had likewiſe remark'd it. "We come next," ſays he, "to the celebrated ſoliloquy in the 3d act, which ſeems ſo peculiarly the production of *Shakeſpear*, that you would hardly imagine it can be parallel'd in all antiquity. Yet I will produce ſome examples of the ſame kind; one of which at leaſt will ſhew how nearly two great tragedians could think upon the ſame ſubject. A learned gentleman has taken notice of the conformity which there is between a paſſage in *Plato*'s apology for *Socrates*, and the following lines of this ſpeech*. The ſentiment of *Plato* is to this purpoſe; *If*, ſays he, *there be no ſenſation after death, but as when one ſleeps, and ſees no dream, death were then an ineſtimable gain.* And the verſes of the poet are theſe which follow;

——To die! to ſleep!
No more——and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ach, &c.——
To ſleep! perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub, &c.)

And the whole has a remarkable ſimilitude with theſe verſes in the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides*;

Παϛ δ' οδυνηρος βιοϛ ανθρωπων
Κ'εκ εϛι πονων ανεπαυσις
Αλλ'ο, τι τυ ζην φιλτερον αλλο
Σκοτϕ αμπισχο κρυπτει νεφελαις.

Δυσερωτες δη φαινομεθ' οντες
Τυδ', οτι ϛιλβει τυτο κατα γην,
Δι' απειροσυναν αλλυ βιοτυ,
Συ αποδειξιν των υπο γαιας.

v. 190. & ſeq.

How full of ſorrow are the days of man,
Of endleſs labour and unceaſing woe!
And what ſucceeds, our hopes but ill preſage,
For clouds conceal, and darkneſs reſts upon it.
Yet ſtill we ſuffer light, averſe to life:

* Tranſlation of *Tryphicdorus*, p. 76.

Still

To ſleep! perchance to dream! (22) ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe;—there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life,
(23) For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th'oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The

Still bend reluctant to thoſe ills we have,
Thro' dread of others which we know not of,
And fearful of that undiſcovered ſhore.

And in particular,

That undiſcovered country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns,

may be very well tranſlated by this of the *Latin* poet.

Nunc it per iter tenebricoſum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.

Catull. III. v. 11. See p. 68.

(22) *Ay*, &c.] That fear is baſe
Of death, when that death doth but life diſplace
Out of her place of earth: you only dread
The ſtroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There is the fear indeed.

Theſe lines are from the 2d Act of *Maſſinger's Virgin Martyr*, who plainly took the thought from *Shakeſpear*.

(23) *For*, &c.] The ills of human life are very finely and conciſely enumerated in the 4th Scene of the 1ſt act of the *Two Noble Kinſmen:* and probably the lines are *Shakeſpear's*, which may render them the more agreeable to the reader.

Since I have known frights, fury, friends' beheſts,
Loves' provocations, zeal, a miſtreſs' taſk,
Deſire of liberty, a fever, madneſs,
Sickneſs in will, or wreſtling ſtrength in reaſon:
It hath, &c.

See Mr. *Seward's* note on the paſſage.

For a full explanation of, the *inſolence* of office—ſee *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

Calumny.

(24) Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow,
Thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.

A noble Mind diſordered.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down;
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey (25) of his muſic vows;
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,

Like

(24) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and *Cymbeline*,

(25) *The honey.*] Here is a ſtriking inſtance of *Shakeſpear*'s impropriety in his uſe of metaphors; the word *extaſie* is uſed in the ſenſe of the *Greek* word whence it comes, which ſignifies—any emotion of the mind, whether it happens, by madneſs, wonder, fear or any other cauſe.

Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh,
That unmatch'd form and ſtature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy.

SCENE III. Hamlet's *Directions and Advice to the Players.*

Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines: and do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe: I would have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-herods *Herod*; pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo o'erdone, is from the purpoſe of playing: whoſe end both at firſt and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to ſhew virtue her feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of one of which muſt, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it profanely), that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought

thought ſome of nature's journeyman had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clowns ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them; for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too, though in the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſider'd; that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.

SCENE IV. *On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.*

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf: for thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well commingled,
(26) That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To

(26) *That*, &c.] *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of himſelf to thoſe who would have ſearch'd into his ſecrets, obſerves, (Sc. 7.) Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery, you would ſound me from my low-eſt

To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me the man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

SCENE VII. *Midnight.*

(27) 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to the world! Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs, as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother—
O, heart, loſe not thy nature! let not ever
The ſoul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

SCENE VIII. *The King's deſpairing Soliloquy, and* Hamlet's *Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
(28) It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand

eſt note to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſic, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

(27) See 2 *Hen.* VI. Act 4. Sc. 1.

(28) *It hath*, &c.] This paſſage has greatly perplexed all the editors, and is indeed very difficult: it is read,

That of a brother's murder. Pray I cannot, &c.

A brother's murder. Pray, *alas*, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as *'twill*.

—Pray,

I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were

——Pray, I cannot
Tho' inclination be as ſharp as *th'will.*

Amidſt this multitude of conjectures, I muſt own myſelf not ſatisfied. I think by one ſlight addition we may greatly clear up the difficulty. The king, conſcious of his own guilt, is deſirous, yet afraid, to repent and pray: is it not natural that he ſhould ſay;

A brother's murder—Pray, I [would, yet] cannot—

Now this ſlight addition will explain the next puzzling line: let us conſider, what we may reaſonably expect him to have ſaid after this: "I *wou'd* pray, but I cannot, tho' my inclination, [my great deſire] to do ſo is no leſs powerful and perſuaſive with me, than the already determined reſolution of my mind ſo to do: that is, I am no leſs deſirous to do what I would (namely, pray) and cannot, than I am reſolv'd to do ſo:" the ſeeming want of difference between inclination and will, cauſes all the obſcurity: if the reader attends to that, and obſerves, that by inclination he means, a longing deſire, a diſpoſition to do it with pleaſure; and by will, the determination of the mind, the actual reſolution, I think all will be clear: and the words I have added in the foregoing line, if not genuine, (tho' they ſeem to bid fair for it) at leaſt add to the explaining the poet's thought. The latter fine lines,

Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

throw ſome light on theſe in queſtion: he could not pray, for his guilt defeated his intent: here he would try the force of all-powerful repentance, yet again is check'd by his guilty conſcience: for tho', ſays he, repentance can do all things, yet what can it do when one cannot really and truly uſe it? when we are indeed deſirous of repenting, but are by our guilt prevented from ſo doing: when we would fly to its aid, and be pardon'd for our offence, and yet retain the offence itſelf, and beg for forgiveneſs, while we ſtill are guilty? the whole ſpeech is a comment on itſelf.

In *Philaſter*, the king is praying to be forgiven, tho' ſtill retaining his offence, as here:

But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy?
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt; but oh! what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen the wicked prize itſelf,
Buys out the law: but 'tis not ſo above;
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature, we ourſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched ſtate! O boſom black as death!
O, limed ſoul! that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborn knees, and heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. (29) Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't, and ſo he goes to heaven,

(29) It has been remarked, there is great want of reſolution in *Hamlet*, for when he had ſo good an opportunity to kill his uncle and revenge his father, as here, he ſhuffles it off with a paltry excuſe, and is afraid to do what he ſo ardently longs for: the

And ſo am I reveng'd?—that would be ſcann'd—
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n! O! this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.—Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes.

SCENE X. *Part of the Scene between* Hamlet *and his* Mother.

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks

The

the obſervation may be confirmed from many other paſſages: in the next page, he himſelf obſerves, *that all occaſions do inform againſt him, and ſpur his dull revenge*: but 'tis not my deſign in this work, to enter into exact criticiſm on the characters.

The very ſoul, and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act!

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of *Jove* himſelf,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
(30) A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man:
This was your huſband. Look you now what follows;
Here is your huſband, like a (31) mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

Queen. O, *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more;
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter

(30) *A Station*, &c.] The poet employs this word in a ſenſe different from what it is generally uſed to ſignify: for it means here, *an attitude, a ſilent poſture, fixt demeanor of perſon*, in oppoſition to an *active behaviour*. Theobald. 'Tis very probable *Milton* took the firſt hint of the following fine lines from the preſent paſſage:

Like *Maia*'s ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. *Par. Loſt*, B. 5. 285.

(31) *Mildew'd ear.*] Probably he alludes to *Pharaoh*'s dream, *Gen.* xli.

And he dreamed and behold ſeven ears of corn came up on one ſtalk rank and good: and behold ſeven thin ears and *blaſted* with the eaſt wind, ſprang up after them: and the *thin* ears devoured the rank and full ears. See v. 22.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards; what would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas! he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide
That, laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
O, ſay——
Ghoſt. Do not forget; this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits:
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul!
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works:
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you, madam?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporeal air doth hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th'alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like (32) life in excrements,
Start

(32) *Like life in excrements.*] *Shakeſpear* very frequently calls the hair an excrement, that is, without life or ſenſation, and his meaning here is, *Hamlet*'s ſurprize had ſuch an effect on him, that his hairs, as if there was life in thoſe excrementitious parts, ſtarted up and ſtood on end. So, in *Macbeth*,

And my fell of hair
Wou'd at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe and ſtir
As life were in't.

My notes on this play have ſo much ſwelled under my hand, I am oblig'd to lay aſide a deſign I had of giving the reader a tranſlation of the diſcourſe between *Hamlet* and his *mother*, from *Saxo Grammaticus*, which is extremely fine, and will be no ſmall amuſement to the reader if he thinks proper to conſult that hiſtorian; from whom *Shakeſpear* has taken the whole of *Hamlet*'s diſguis'd madneſs; the ſcene before us; his friendſhip with *Horatio*; the death of *Polonius*; his baniſhment into *England*; his return from thence, and killing the uſurper.—The *Ghoſt* ſeems to have been his own invention.

Start up, and ſtand on end: O, gentle ſon!
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable: do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
[*Pointing to the* Ghoſt.
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it ſteals(33) away!
My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.
[*Exit* Ghoſt.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation, ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time:
And makes as healthful muſic: 'tis not madneſs
That I have uttered, bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks;
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen: confeſs yourſelf to heaven,
Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come.

Queen.

(33) *Steals*—Some are for reading *ſtalks*, and in ſome later editions I find that word: he uſes this word before, ſpeaking of the *Ghoſt*: however, *ſteals*, is very juſtifiable.

Queen. O, *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleſt my heart in twain.
Ham. Then throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue if you have it not.
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter e'en the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good-night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you.
Queen. What ſhall I do?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let the fond king tempt you to bed again,
Pinch wanton on your cheek: call you his mouſe;
And let him for a pair of reeky kiſſes,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know.
Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot,
'Tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate, they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work,—
For 'tis the ſport to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar, and't ſhall go hard

But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow 'em at the moon.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Hamlet's *Reflection on his own Irreſolution.*

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
(34) Sure he has made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd: now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward;) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith

(34) *Sure he,* &c.] This, ſays Mr. *Theobald*, is an expreſſion purely *Homeric*;

Αμα προσσω κ᾽ οπισσω
Λευσσει———

Turns on all hands its deep diſcerning eyes,
Sees what *befel*, and what may yet *befall*,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.

Pope, B. 3. 150.

And again,

Ο γαρ οιος οφα προσσω κ᾽ οπισσω.

Skill to diſcern the *future* by the *paſt*.

Pope, B. 18. 294.

The ſhort ſcholiaſt on the laſt paſſage, gives us a comment, that very aptly explains our author's phraſe: For it is the part of an underſtanding man to connect the reflection of events to come with ſuch as are paſt, and ſo to foreſee what ſhall follow. This is as our author phraſes it, *looking before and after*.

Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples groſs as earth exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That hath a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,)
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a phantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

SCENE V. *Sorrows rarely ſingle.*

(35) O, *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions.

SCENE VI. *The Divinity of Kings.*

Let him go, *Gertrude:* do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king

(36) That

(35) *O, Gertrude,* &c.] Doctor *Young*, in his *Night Thoughts* (Night the 3d) has plainly borrowed this thought;

Woes cluſter, rare are ſolitary woes:
They love a train, they tread each other's heels,

(36) That treaſon can but peep to what it wou'd,
Acts little of its will.

SCENE X. *Deſcription of* Ophelia's *Drowning.*

(37) There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream,
There

(36) See *Winter's Tale.* So, in the *Maid's Tragedy* it is ſaid;

As you are mere man,
I dare as eaſily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it: but there is
Divinity about you, that ſtrikes dead
My riſing paſſions, as you are my king, &c.

See Act 3. in the *Two Noble Kinſmen.*

(37) *There is*, &c.] The character of the jailor's daughter is as beautiful and every way comparable to this of *Ophelia:* it may be no diſagreeable entertainment to any reader to compare them together: I ſhall only ſubjoin the following account given of her by her *wooer.*

As I late was angling
In the great lake, that lies behind the palace,
From the fair ſhore, thick ſet with reeds and ſedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voice, a ſhrill one: and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſs of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own ſkill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the ſound, the ruſhes and the reeds
Had ſo encompaſs'd it: I laid me down
And liſten'd to the words ſhe ſung, for then
Thro' a ſmall glade cut by the fiſherman
I ſaw it was your daughter.
She ſung much, but no ſenſe: only I heard her
Repeat this often; *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries,
I'll find him out to-morrow.
His ſhackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what ſhall I do then? I'll bring a beavy
A hundred black-eyed maids, that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, with daffadillies,
With

There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call)
There

With cherry lips and cheeks of damaſk roſes,
And we'll all dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon: then ſhe talk'd of you, ſir,
That you muſt loſe your head to-morrow morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome: then ſhe ſung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon* was a tall young man. The place
Was knee-deep where ſhe ſate: her careleſs treſſes
A wreath of bull-ruſh rounded: about her ſtuck
Thouſand freſh-water flowers of ſeveral colours:
That methought ſhe appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters: or as *Iris*
Newly dropt down from heaven: rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies: "Thus our true love's ty'd:
This you may looſe, not me:" and many a one;
And then ſhe wept, and ſung again, and ſigh'd:
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd and kiſs'd her hand.
I made in to her:
She ſaw me, and ſtraight ſought the flood: I ſav'd her
And ſet her ſafe to land: when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the city made
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftneſs, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three or four
I ſaw from far off croſs her: one of them
I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid, *&c.*
Act 4.

Mr. *Seward* very juſtly obſerves upon this paſſage, the *Aurora* of *Guido* has not more ſtrokes of the ſame hand which drew his *Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, than the ſweet deſcription of this pretty maiden's love-diſtraction has to the like diſtraction of *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*; that of *Ophelia*, ending in her death, is like the *Ariadne*, more moving; but the images here, like thoſe in *Aurora*, are more numerous and equally exquiſite in grace and beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is *Shakeſpear's*, or that *Fletcher* has here equall'd him in his very beſt manner? Mr. *Warburton* peremptorily aſſures us, "the firſt act only of the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, was wrote by *Shakeſpear*, but in his worſt manner."

There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
Fell in the weeping brook: her cloaths ſpread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hamlet's *Reflection on* Yorick's *Skull.*

Grave. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once: this ſame ſkull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick*'s ſkull. the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times, and now how abhorr'd in my imagination is it? my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſs'd, I know not how oft; where be your gibes now, your jeſts, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour, to this complexion ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.

SCENE II. *A ſpotleſs Virgin buried.*

(38) Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring: I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madneſs,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as the female dove,
(39) When firſt her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

(40) And that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

(38) *Lay her*, &c.] An ingenious gentleman obſerved to me, he thought it an overſight in *Shakeſpear* to refuſe *Ophelia* all the rights of burial, as if ſhe had drowned herſelf, when it is plain ſhe was drowned by mere accident: the prieſt ſays, "her death was doubtful, and that it would profane the ſervice of the dead to ſing a *requiem* in like manner to her as to *peace-parted ſouls*. *Ophelia* was diſtracted, and not dying a natural death, but ſuch a one as was in *ſome meaſure* doubtful, I think, *Shakeſpear* may be juſtified; it is plain however, *Laertes* thought it a very unfair manner of proceeding with his ſiſter.

(39) *When*, &c.] Golden couplets means, her *two young* ones, for doves ſeldom lay more than two eggs, and the young ones when firſt diſcloſ'd or hatch'd, are covered with a kind of yellow down: when they are *firſt hatch'd*, the female broods over them more carefully and aſſiduouſly than ever, as then they require moſt foſtering. This will ſhew the exact beauty of the compariſon.

(40) *And*, &c.] This is a noble ſentiment and worthy of *Shakeſpear*: in the *Maid's Tragedy*, there is the ſame thought, but very meanly expreſt;

A Health.

(41) Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet.*

But they that are above
Have ends in every thing. Act 5.

(41) *Give me*, &c.] There is in the beginning of the play a paſſage like this:

No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell,
And the King's rouſe the heavens ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder.

Shakeſpear keeps up the characters of the people where his ſcene lies, and therefore dwells much on the *Daniſh* drinking: in another place he tells us:

The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels:
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

A cuſtom, as *Hamlet* obſerves in the ſubſequent lines, greatly to the diſcredit of their nation, and more honour'd in the breach than the obſervance.

General

General Obſervations.

THE original ſtory on which this play is built, may be found in *Saxo Grammaticus* the Daniſh hiſtorian. From thence *Belleforeſt* adopted it in his collection of novels, in ſeven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publiſh through ſucceeding years. From this work, *The Hyſtorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was tranſlated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it muſt have been performed before that time, as I have ſeen a copy of *Speght*'s edition of *Chaucer*, which formerly belonged to Dr. *Gabriel Harvey*, (the antagoniſt of *Naſh*) who, in his own hand-writing, has ſet down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted in the year 1598. His words are theſe: "The younger ſort take much delight in *Shakeſpear*'s "*Venus* and *Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy "of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmarke*, have it in them to "pleaſe the wiſer ſort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by *James Roberts*, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett. Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his ſervantes."

In *Eaſtward Hoe*, by *G. Chapman*, *B. Jonſon*, and *T. Marſton*, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer aſks him—"'Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you *mad?*" The following particulars, relative to the date of the piece, are borrowed from Dr. *Farmer*'s *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpear*, p. 85, 86, ſecond edition.

"*Greene*, in the Epiſtle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a laſh at ſome "vaine glorious tragedians," and very plainly at *Shakeſpear* in particular.—"I leave all theſe to the mercy of their *mother-tongue*, that feed on

nought but the crums that fall from the *tranſlator's* trencher.—That could ſcarcely *latinize* their neck verſe if they ſhould have neede; yet *Engliſh Seneca* read by candlelight yeelds many good ſentences—he will afford you whole *Hamletts*, I ſhould ſay, *handfuls* of tragicall ſpeeches."——I cannot determine exactly when this *Epiſtle* was firſt publiſhed; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* ſomewhat further back than we have hitherto done: and it may be obſerved, that the oldeſt copy now extant, is ſaid to be "enlarged to almoſt as much again as it was." *Gabriel Harvey* printed at the end of the year 1592, "Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets, eſpecially touching *Robert Greene:*" in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Naſh*'s Epiſtle muſt have been previous to theſe, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applauſe; and the *Foure Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Naſh* replied, in "Strange news of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verſes, as they were going *privilie* to victual the *Low Countries*, 1593." *Harvey* rejoined the ſame year in "*Pierce's* Supererogation, or a new praiſe of the old Aſſe." And *Naſh* again, in "Have with you to *Saffron-Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey*'s Hunt is up; containing a full anſwer to the eldeſt ſonne of the halter-maker, 1596."—*Naſh* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy called "The Return from Parnaſſus." STEEVENS.

THAT piece of *Shakeſpear*'s, which appears to have moſt affected Engliſh hearts, and has, perhaps, been oftenеſt acted of any that have come upon our ſtage, is almoſt one continued moral; a ſeries of deep reflections drawn from *one* mouth, upon the ſubject of *one* ſingle accident and calamity, naturally fitted to move horror and compaſſion.

It may be ſaid of this Play, if I miſtake not, that it has properly but *one* character, or principal part. It contains no adoration or flattery of *the ſex*; no ranting at the gods; no bluſtering heroiſm; nor any thing of that

that curious mixture of the fierce and tender, which makes the hinge of modern tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of *love and honour*."

SHAFTSBURY.

"IF the dramas of *Shakeſpear* were to be characteriſed, each by the particular excellence which diſtinguiſhes it from the reſt, we muſt allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praiſe of variety. The incidents are ſo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The ſcenes are interchangeably diverſified with merriment and ſolemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and inſtructive obſervations; and ſolemnity, not ſtrained by poetical violence above the natural ſentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual ſucceſſion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converſation. The pretended madneſs of *Hamlet* cauſes much mirth, the mournful diſtraction of *Ophelia* fills the heart with tenderneſs, and every perſonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firſt act chills the blood with horror, to the ſop in the laſt, that expoſes affectation to juſt contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly ſecure againſt objections. The action is indeed for the moſt part in continual progreſſion, but there are ſome ſcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madneſs of *Hamlet* there appears no adequate cauſe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of ſanity. He plays the madman moſt, when he treats *Ophelia* with ſo much rudeneſs, which ſeems to be uſeleſs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an inſtrument than an agent. After he has, by the ſtratagem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to puniſh him; and his death is at laſt effected by an incident which *Hamlet* had no part in producing.

The cataſtrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceſſity, than

than a ſtroke of art. A ſcheme might eaſily be formed to kill *Hamlet* with the dagger, and *Laertes* with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhewn little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would ariſe from the deſtruction of an uſurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of *Ophelia*, the young, the beautiful, the harmleſs, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, &c.] The two greateſt poets of this and the laſt age, Mr. *Dryden*, in the preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Mr. *Pope*, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that *Shakeſpear* produced this long paſſage with deſign to ridicule and expoſe the bombaſt of the play from whence it was taken; and that *Hamlet*'s commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think juſt otherwiſe; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the falſe taſte of the audience of that time, which would not ſuffer them to do juſtice to the ſimplicity and ſublime of this production. And I reaſon, firſt, from the character *Hamlet* gives of the play, from whence the paſſage is taken. Secondly, from the paſſage itſelf. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us conſider the character *Hamlet* gives of it, *The play, I remember, pleaſed not the million, 'twas Caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* They who ſuppoſe the paſſage given to be ridiculed, muſt needs

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe this character to be purely ironical. But if ſo, it is the ſtrongeſt irony that ever was written. *It pleaſed not the multitude.* This we muſt conclude to be true, however ironical the reſt be. Now the reaſon given of the deſigned ridicule is the ſuppoſed bombaſt. But thoſe were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And *Fletcher* wrote a kind of *Rehearſal* purpoſely to expoſe them. But ſay it is bombaſt, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. *Hamlet* preſently tells us what it was that diſpleaſed them. *There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* Now whether a perſon ſpeaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common ſenſe requires he ſhould quote what they ſay. Now it could not be, if this play diſpleaſed becauſe of the bombaſt, that thoſe whom it diſpleaſed ſhould give this reaſon for their diſlike. The ſame inconſiſtencies and abſurdities abound in every other part of *Hamlet*'s ſpeech, ſuppoſing it to be ironical: but take him as ſpeaking his ſentiments, the whole is of a piece, and to this purpoſe. The play, I remember, pleaſed not the multitude, and the reaſon was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire ſtrangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of thoſe for whoſe judgment I have the higheſt eſteem, it was an excellent play, *well digeſted in the ſcenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the public's. For *I remember one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury*, i. e. there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of

thoſe

thoſe paſſionate, pathetic love ſcenes, ſo eſſential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honeſt method*, i. e. he owned, however *taſteleſs* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaſte and pure; the diſtinguiſhing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one obſervation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the juſteſt picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of falſe art.

2. A ſecond proof that this ſpeech was given to be admired, is from the intrinſic merit of the ſpeech itſelf; which contains the deſcription of a circumſtance very happily imagined, namely, *Ilium* and *Priam*'s falling together, with the effect it had on the deſtroyer.

——*The helliſh Pyrrhus*, &c.
To, *Repugnant to command.*
The unnerved father falls, &c.
To, ———*So after Pyrrhus' pauſe.*

Now this circumſtance, illuſtrated with the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm, is ſo highly worked up, as to have well deſerved a place in *Virgil*'s ſecond book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the *Roman* poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. *Hamlet*, his beſt character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the fooliſh *Polonius* tired with it. We have ſaid enough before of *Hamlet*'s ſentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears ſtart from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombaſt and unnatural ſentiment produce ſuch an effect. Nature and *Horace* both inſtructed him,

Si

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And it may be worth obſerving, that *Horace* gives this precept particularly to ſhew, that bombaſt and unnatural ſentiments are incapable of moving the tender paſſions, which he is directing the poet how to raiſe. For, in the lines juſt before, he gives this rule,

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque
Projicit Ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of theſe cauſes.

1. Either when the ſubject is domeſtic, and the ſcene lies at home; the ſpectators, in this caſe, become intereſted in the fortunes of the diſtreſſed; and their thoughts are ſo much taken up with the ſubject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwiſe, by his faulty ſentiments and diction, would have ſtifled the emotions ſpringing up from a ſenſe of the diſtreſs. But this is nothing to the caſe in hand. For, as *Hamlet* ſays,

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

2. When bad lines raiſe this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, inſtead of being highly figurative and ſwelling; yet, when attended with a natural ſimplicity, they have force enough to ſtrike illiterate and ſimple minds. The tragedies of *Banks* will juſtify both theſe obſervations.

But if any one will ſtill ſay, that *Shakeſpear* intended to repreſent a player unnaturally and fantaſtically affected, we muſt appeal to *Hamlet*, that is, to *Shakeſpear* himſelf in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon

upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the leaſt hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciouſly moved. On the contrary, his fine deſcription of the actor's emotion ſhews, he thought juſt otherwiſe:

> ——*this player here,*
> *But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,*
> *Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,*
> *That from her working all his viſage wann'd:*
> *Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,*
> *A broken voice,* &c.

And indeed had *Hamlet* eſteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumſtance to ſpur him to his purpoſe.

As *Shakeſpear* has here ſhewn the effects which a fine deſcription of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whoſe buſineſs habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occaſions; ſo he has artfully ſhewn what effects the very ſame ſcene would have upon a quite different man. *Polonius*; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally ſo much diſguiſed as not to be ſeen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durſt not have brought ſo near one another]; *by diſcipline*, practiſed in a ſpecies of wit and eloquence, which was ſtiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of conſequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom *Shakeſpear* has judiciouſly choſen to repreſent the falſe taſte of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the fineſt and moſt pathetic part of the ſpeech, *Polonius* cries out, *This is too long*; on which *Hamlet*, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It ſhall to the barber's with thy beard*; [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that

that all his wiſdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pr'ythee ſay on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry*; [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he ſleeps, ſay on.* And yet this man of modern taſte, who ſtood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relater, no ſooner hears, amongſt many good things, one quaint and fantaſtical word, put in, I ſuppoſe, purpoſely for this end, than he profeſſes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by *Hamlet*, cannot be ironical. The paſſage itſelf is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, ſhould have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taſte. From hence (to obſerve it by the way) the actors, in their repreſentation of this play, may learn how this ſpeech ought to be ſpoken, and what appearance *Hamlet* ought to aſſume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſion in ſome parts of it; which they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion.

> Pyrrhus *at* Priam *drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,*
> *But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword*
> *The unnerved father falls.*

And again,

> *Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! All you gods,*
> *In general ſynod, take away her power:*
> *Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,*
> *And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,*
> *As low as to the fiends.*

Now

Now whether theſe be bombaſt or not, is not the queſtion; but whether *Shakeſpear* eſteemed them ſo. That he did not ſo eſteem them appears from his having uſed the very ſame thoughts in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the ſublime. As in the following paſſages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, far outſtrains the execution of *Pyrrhus*'s ſword, in the character he gives of *Hector*'s:

> *When many times the* captive *Grecians* fall
> Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
> *You bid them riſe and live.*

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the ſame manner:

> *No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,*
> That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
> *Provok'd at my offence.*

But another uſe may be made of theſe quotations; a diſcovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumſtance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reaſon I have been ſo large upon this queſtion. I think then it appears, from what has been ſaid, that the play in diſpute was *Shakeſpear*'s own; and that this was the occaſion of writing it. He was deſirous, as ſoon as he had found his ſtrength, of reſtoring the chaſteneſs and regularity of the ancient ſtage: and therefore compoſed this tragedy on the model of the *Greek* drama, as may be ſeen by throwing ſo much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitleſs; and the raw, unnatural taſte, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old *Gothic* manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. WARBURTON.

THE praiſe which *Hamlet* beſtows on this piece is certainly diſſembled, and agrees very well with the character

character of madneſs, which, before witneſſes, he thought it neceſſary to ſupport. The ſpeeches before us have ſo little merit, that nothing but an affectation of ſingularity, could have influenced Dr. *Warburton* to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a juſt reſemblance of ſome of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few ſplendid paſſages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and ſpoke the lines in an affecting manner, becauſe *Hamlet* had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them: for, "There are leſs degrees of nature (ſays "*Dryden*) by which ſome faint emotions of pity and "terror are raiſed in us, as a leſs engine will raiſe a "leſs proportion of weight, though not ſo much as one "of *Archimedes'* making." The mind of the prince, it muſt be confeſſed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a ſlight ſolicitation. It is by no means proved, that *Shakeſpear* has *employed the ſame thoughts cloathed in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays.* If he bids *the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel*, he does not deſire her to *break all its ſpokes*; nay, *even its periphery, and make uſe of the nave afterwards for ſuch an immeaſurable caſt.* Though if what Dr. *Warburton* has ſaid ſhould be found in any inſtance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that *Shakeſpear* was ſometimes wrong in ſpite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed thoſe very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. *Warburton* is inconſiſtent in his aſſertions concerning the literature of *Shakeſpear*. In a note on *Troilus and Creſſida*, he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of *Homer*; and, in this inſtance, would ſuppoſe him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules*: and that the ſpeech before us had ſufficient merit to entitle it to a place in *the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.*

Had

Had *Shakeſpear* made one unſucceſsful attempt in the manner of the ancients (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom *Ben Jonſon* would have been the firſt. Had his darling ancients been unſkilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at leaſt have preſerved the memory of the fact, to ſhew how unſafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a ſcholar as himſelf, to have meddled with their ſacred remains.

"Within that circle none durſt walk but he." He has repreſented *Inigo Jones* as being ignorant of the very names of thoſe claſſic authors, whoſe architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaſter* he has in ſeveral places hinted at our poet's injudicious uſe of words, and ſeems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at ſome of his deſcriptions and characters. It is true that he has praiſed him, but it was not while that praiſe could have been of any ſervice to him; and poſthumous applauſe is always to be had on eaſy conditions. Happy it was for *Shakeſpear*, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm purſuit of her beauties, left to *Jonſon* the repoſitories of learning: ſo has he eſcaped a conteſt which might have rendered his life uneaſy, and bequeathed to our poſſeſſion the more valuable copies from nature herſelf: for *Shakeſpear* was (ſays Dr. *Hurd*, in his notes on *Horace*'s Art of Poetry) "the firſt that broke through the bondage of claſſical ſuperſtition. And he owed this felicity, as he did ſome others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepoſſeſſion, he ſtruck at once into the road of nature and common ſenſe: and without deſigning, without knowing it, hath left us in his hiſtorical plays, with all their anomalies, an exact reſemblance of the *Athenian* ſtage, than is any where to be found in its moſt profeſſed admirers and copyiſts." Again, ibid. "It is poſſible, there are, who think *a want of reading*, as well as vaſt ſuperiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this aſtoniſhing man, to the

the glory of being eſteemed the moſt original THINKER and SPEAKER, ſince the times of *Homer*.

To this extract I may add the ſentiments of Dr. *Edward Young* on the ſame occaſion. "Who knows whether *Shakeſpear* might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of *Jonſon*'s learning, as *Enceladus* under *Ætna?* His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head, whence the *Caſtalian* ſtreams of *original* compoſition flow; and theſe are often muddied by other waters, though waters, in their diſtinct channel, moſt wholeſome and pure: as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could ſafely bear. If *Milton* had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory than he would have loſt by it."

Conjectures on Original Compoſition.

THE firſt remark of *Voltaire* on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poiſoned by his brother and *his queen*. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being aſcertained. The *Ghoſt* forbears to accuſe her as an acceſſary, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her ſon. I may add, that her conſcience appears undiſturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces ſo viſible a diſorder in her huſband who was really criminal. The laſt obſervation

tion of the ſame author has no greater degree of veracity to boaſt of; for now, ſays he, all the actors in the piece are ſwept away, and one Monſieur *Fortenbras* is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when *Horatio*, *Oſrick*, *Voltimand*, and *Cornelius* ſurvive? Theſe, together with the whole court of *Denmark*, are ſuppoſed to be preſent at the cataſtrophe, ſo that we are not indebted to the *Norwegian* chief for having kept the ſtage from vacancy.

Monſieur de *Voltaire* has ſince tranſmitted, in an Epiſtle to the Academy of Belles Lettres, ſome remarks on the late *French* tranſlation of *Shakeſpear*; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are diſcoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its inſipidity, fallacy, and malice. It ſerves indeed to ſhew an apparent decline of talents and ſpirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals, in a plaintive ſtrain, to the queen, and princeſſes of *France* for their aſſiſtance to ſtop the further circulation of *Shakeſpear*'s renown.

Impartiality, nevertheleſs, muſt acknowledge that his private correſpondence diſplays a ſuperior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague ſhook him when he appealed to the public on this ſubject; but the effects of a fever ſeem to predominate in his ſubſequent letter to Monſieur *D'Argenteuil* on the ſame occaſion; for ſuch a letter it is as our *John Dennis* (while his frenzy laſted) might be ſuppoſed to have written. "C'eſt moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce *Shakeſpear:* c'eſt moi qui le premier montrai aux *François* quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans ſon enorme *fumier*." Mrs. *Montague*, the juſtly celebrated authoreſs of the *Eſſay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at *Paris*, and in the circle where theſe ravings of the *Frenchman* were firſt publicly recited. On hearing the illiberal expreſſion already quoted, with no leſs elegance than readineſs ſhe replied—"C'eſt un *fumier* qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate."—In ſhort, the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*, poſſeſſes all the miſchievous qualities

qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, ſets the houſe which he has robbed on fire.

As for Meſſieurs *D'Alembert* and *Marmontel*, they might ſafely be paſſed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticiſm deſerves. *Voltaire*, in ſpite of his natural diſpoſition to vilify an *Engliſh* poet, by adopting ſentiments, characters, and ſituations from *Shakeſpear*, has beſtowed on him involuntary praiſe. Happily, he has not been diſgraced by the worthleſs encomiums or diſfigured by the aukward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chace, not like hounds that hunt, but like thoſe who fill up the cry." When *D'Alembert* declares that more ſterling ſenſe is to be met with in ten *French* verſes than in thirty *Engliſh* ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—ſuch contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every ſcholar will expreſs, who may chance to look into the proſe tranſlation of *Lucan* by *Marmontel*, with the vain expectation of diſcovering either the ſenſe, the ſpirit, or the whole of the original.

STEEVENS.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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